

(5.)
THE
SPANISH FRYAR,
OR, THE
DOUBLE DISCOVERY:
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Quam melius possis fallere sume Togam.

Mart.



LONDON,
Printed for T. JOHNSON.

M. DCC. XX.



The Ri

O

L

HAU

LY LOR

WHEN I first
ought I found
of it, and so
ve a more tha
ly I us'd the
ement of two
er, that it wa
ner, to have
e I attempte
opinion, w
like success
ect themsel
ents to their
and exemp
elf too well
ductions, wh
that I had
me I may

T O

The Right Honourable,

O H N

L O R D

HAUGHTON.

MY LORD,

WHEN I first design'd this Play, I found, or
ought I found somewhat so moving in the serious
of it, and so pleasant in the comick, as might
have a more than ordinary care in both. Accord-
ingly I us'd the best of my endeavour, in the ma-
nagement of two Plots, so very different from each
other, that it was not perhaps the talent of every
Writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither
did I attempted other Plays of the same nature, in
my opinion, with the same judgment; though
with like success. And though many Poets may
excuse themselves for the fondness and partiality of
their presents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I
stand exempted from this rule, because I know
myself too well, to be ever satisfied with my own
productions, which have seldom reach'd to those
that I had within me: and consequently, I
may have liberty to judge when I write

more or less pardonably, as an ordinary marks-man may know certainly when he shoots less wide than what he aims. Besides, the care and pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other Tragi-Comedies, may reasonably make the world conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiss. Few good Pictures have been finish'd at one sitting; neither can a true Italian Play, which is to bear the test of ages, be produced at a heat, or by the force of fancy, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a diffidence of my self, and so great a reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict examination; and am much ashamed to put a loose indigested Play upon the publick, as I should be to offer brass-money for a payment: For though it shou'd be taken, (as it too often on the Stage,) yet it will be found in the second telling: And a judicious Reader will discover in his closet that trashy stuff, whose glittering deceiv'd him in the action. I have often heard the Stationer sighing in his Shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain, which clapp'd its performance on the Stage. In a Play-houle every thing contributes to impose upon the judgment; the lights, the scenes, the habitation, and above all, the grace of action (which is commonly the best where there is the most need of a surprize the Audience, and cast a mist upon their understandings; not unlike the cunning of a Juggler who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberish, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his trick. But these false beauties of the Stage, are no more lasting than a Rainbow: when the Actor ceases to shine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in a twinkling.

twinkling. I have
 thing, what wa
 which amaz'd me
 but when I ha
 Star, I found
 thing but a co
 ger than it wa
 ed up in giga
 nce; loosenels
 les; the sense o
 ren: and to
 a hideous min
 life; or, at bel
 wing for life,
 with. A famo
 ry year a *Star*
 gnation enoug
 memory of *J*
 sensible, per
 far: for I re
 zimin, and A
 me for their
 ertly in the fa
 I can say for th
 many, is, th
 please, even w
 amongst my
 made by chance
 roke over all t
 resolv'd I will
 those of Fools
 ambition, but
 switt: Judge
 wing of Bubb
 style in Tra
 magnificent:
 just and pr

The Epistle Dedicatory.

5

winking. I have sometimes wonder'd, in the
 thing, what was become of those glaring colours
 which amaz'd me in *Buffy d' Amboise* upon the Thea-
 tre: but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a
 Golden Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a jelly:
 nothing but a cold dull mass, which glitter'd no
 longer than it was shooting: A dwarfish thought,
 staid up in gigantick words; repetition in abun-
 dance; looseness of expression, and gross Hyper-
 bole; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously
 to ten: and to sum up all, uncorrect English,
 a hideous mingle of false Poetry and true non-
 sense; or, at best, a scantling of wit which lay
 lying for life, and groaning beneath a heap of
 foolishness. A famous modern Poet us'd to sacrifice
 every year a *Statius* to *Virgil's* Manes: and I have
 indignation enough to burn a *d' Amboise* annually to
 the memory of *Johnson*. But now, My Lord, I
 am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone
 too far: for I remember some verses of my own
 in *Maximin*, and *Almanzor*, which cry vengeance
 on me for their extravagance, and which I wish
 to be bury'd in the same fire with *Statius* and *Chapman*.
 I can say for those passages, which are, I hope,
 not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough
 to please, even when I writ them: But I repent of
 them amongst my sins: and if any of their fellows
 have crept by chance into my present writings, I draw
 a stroke over all those *Dalilahs* of the Theatre: and
 resolve I will settle myself no reputation by the
 applause of Fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to
 my ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from
 unwitted Judges, as I shou'd to raise an Estate by
 blowing of Bubbles. Neither do I discommend the
 style in Tragedy, which is naturally pompous
 and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that
 is not just and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd
 by

by the same measures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded *Statius* to have written higher than *Virgil*; for,

Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso;

carries a more thundring kind of sound than,

Tityre tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi;

Yet *Virgil* had all the majesty of a lawful Prince; and *Statius* only the blustering of a Tyrant. But what men affect a vertue which they cannot reach, they fall into a vice, which bears the nearest resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffed style, because it looks like Greatness. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought inimitable *Spencer* a mean Poet in comparison of *Sylveſter's du Bartas*: and was rapt into an extasie when I read these Lines;

*Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the Baltick Ocean;
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate Woods:*

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fustian; that is, thoughts and words ill sorted, and without the least relation to each other; yet I dare not answer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap on the Stage: so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but madness can please Mad-men, and a Poet-must be of a piece with the Spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room contriv'd for state, the height of the roof shou'd bear a proportion to the area, so in the heightnings of poetry, the strength and vehemence

ence of fire, the subject is monstrous violence, and not laid thus much intended to cry. Comedy w Man who is ch rks himself in as own defence ay with more ch a trifle can may want, 'tis e faults I men on the Stage, my profit, an eprelented with ion. But as e, so 'tis my am the more lastin ropriety of the dden beauties o the vehemenc held, as in a ly glide before eerning Critic es in the acti e unknown co places, and th e phrase, the ection, the b nificance and ombast, but ju rds and thou or the worse, r ew upon the ay may take.

temperance of figures shou'd be suited to the occasion, the subject, and the persons. All beyond is monstrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excess, and not a living part of poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young Gallants who pretended to criticism, had not told me that this Tragi-Comedy wanted the dignity of style: but as a Man who is charg'd with a crime of which he makes himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my Play with more partiality than I ought, or than a trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever beauties may want, 'tis free at least from the grossness of those faults I mention'd. What credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in reference to my profit, and the satisfaction I had in seeing it presented with all the justness and gracefulness of a Poem. But as 'tis my interest to please my Audience, so 'tis my ambition to be read. That I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler design; for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd of by the vehemence of action: All things are there presented, as in a hasty motion, where the Objects only glide before the eye and disappear. The most discerning Critick can judge no more of these silent beauties in the action, than he who rides post through an unknown country can distinguish the situation of the places, and the nature of the soil. The purity of the phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintain'd to Majesty, the significance and sound of words, not strain'd into bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be chang'd but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the theater: and yet without all these a Play may take. For if either the story move us, or

the Actor help the lameness of it with his performance; or now and then a glittering beam of wit or Passion strike through the obscurity of the Poem, any of these are sufficient to effect a present liking, but not to fix a lasting admiration, for nothing but truth can long continue, and time is the surest Judge of truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touch-stone Wit will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a Play of this nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: but it will be clear to any judicious Man, that with half the pains, I could have rais'd a Play from either of them. For this time I satisfied my own humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd melancholy scenes: And I dare venture to prophesie, that few Tragedies, except those in verse shall succeed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a course of Mirth. For the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will soon be try'd: for a several genius is requir'd to either way; and without both of 'em, a man, in my opinion, is but half a Poet for the stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill. The dagger and the cup of poison are always in a readiness; but to bring the action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all will require the art and judgment of a Writer, and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, my Lord, I must confess that what I have written, looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own art, which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the

the state explode
difficult to write
possible in praise
fect; and only
Protestant Play to
an honour, for
to have been al
mour of our Rel
mises of your y
of your experien
principles you hav
generate from y
emory in the m
new their lustr
ord, is not mor
expectation of yo

The Epistle Dedicatory.

9

performer, the stale exploded trick of fulsome panegyrics. It is difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a subject; and only tell you, that in recommending Protestant Play to a Protestant Patron, as I do my noble Family an honour, so I do your noble Family a right, who have been always eminent in the support and honour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the promises of your youth, your education at home, and your experience abroad, deceive me not, the principles you have embrac'd are such as will no way degenerate from your Ancestors; but refresh their memory in the minds of all true *English-Men*, and renew their lustre in your person; which, my Lord, is not more the wish, than it is the constant expectation of your Lordship's.

Most Obedient

Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

A 5

P R O.

PROLOGUE,

NOW luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit;
 For he who pleases, never fails of wit.
 Honour is yours:
 And you, like Kings, at City Treats bestow it,
 The Writer kneels, and is bid rise a Poet.
 But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our sorrow,
 You dubb to-day, and hang a man to-morrow.
 You cry the same sense up, and down again,
 Just like brass money once a year in Spain.
 Take you i' th' mood, what e'er base metal come,
 You coin as fast as Groats at Broomingam:
 Though 'tis no more like sense in ancient Plays,
 Than Rome's Religion like St. Peter's days.
 In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
 You cast our fleetest Wits a mile behind.
 'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,
 But ev'n your follies and debauches change
 With such a whirl, the Poets of your Age
 Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage;
 Unless each vice in short-hand they indite,
 Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write.
 The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
 But what they us'd a hundred years ago;
 Like honest plants, where they were stuck they grow.
 They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they come;
 They drink, but they were christned first in Mum.
 Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
 And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
 The French and we still change; but here's the curse,
 They change for better, and we change for worse:
 They take up our old trade of conquering,
 And we are taking their's, to dance and sing.
 Our Fathers did for change to France repair,

And they for chang
 Children, when
 Grant a more fooli
 Game, grown peni
 Leave whoring, a
 Swearing the Wat
 Now we set up for t
 Where 'tis agreed b
 To fright the Ladi
 A fair attempt ba
 To hire night-mar
 When murder's on
 Unless the the new
 And when their ar
 By way of thanks

PROLOGUE.

11

And they for change will try our English air.
 As Children, when they throw one toy away,
 A more foolish gewgaw comes in play.
 Come, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
 Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.
 Scouring the Watch grows out of fashion wit,
 Now we set up for tilting in the Pit:
 Where 'tis agreed by Bullies chicken-hearted,
 To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.
 A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
 To hire night-murth'ers, and make death a trade.
 When murth'ers out, what vice can we advance?
 Unless the the new-found pois'ning trick of France.
 And when their art of Rats-bane we have got,
 By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.



DRAMA-



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONORA, *Queen of Arragon.*

TERESA, *Woman to Lenora.*

ELVIRA, *Wife to Gomez.*

TORRISMOND.

BERTRAN.

ALPHONSO.

LORENZO, *his Son,*

RAYMOND.

PEDRO.

GOMEZ.

DOMINIC, *the Spanish Fryar.*

THE



SPANI

DOUB

A

Alphonso & P

S Tand : giv
Pedro. F
Alph. F
Pedr. S
Alph. Then v
work on't :
The Moor will 'g
His utmost forc
To win a Queen
Pedr. Pox o'
the Queen sti
Alph. She ha



THE
SPANISH FRYAR;
OR, THE
DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

A C T I.

Alphonso & Pedro meet, with Soldiers on each side, Drums, &c.

ALPHONSO.

Stand : give the Word.

Pedro. The Queen of Arragon.

Alph. Pedro?—how goes the night?

Pedr. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome day-light : We shall have warm work on't :

The Moor will 'gage

His utmost forces on this next assault,

To win a Queen and Kingdom.

Pedr. Pox o' this Lyon-way of wooing though :

Is the Queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been a bed : but in her Chappel

All

All night devoutly watch'd; and brib'd the Saints
With vows for her deliverance.

Pedr. O, *Alphonso*,

I fear they come too late! her Father's crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers;
A Crown usurp'd, a lawful King depos'd;
In bondage held, debarr'd the common light,
His Children murder'd, and his Friends destroy'd:
What can we less expect than what we feel?
And what we fear will follow.

Alph. Heav'n avert it

Pedr. Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n: judge the
By what has pass'd. Th' Usurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown: 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:
Unriddle that ye Pow'rs. But left his Daughter,
Our present Queen, engag'd, upon his death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whose curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.

Hence, you well know, this fatal War arose;
Because the *Moor Abdalla*, with whose Troops
Th' Usurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd;
And, as an infidel, his love despis'd.

Alph. Well we are Soldiers, *Pedro*, and like Lawy'rs,
Plead for our pay.

Pedr. A good cause wou'd do well though:
It gives my sword an edge. You see this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moors*:
What hope we have is in young *Torristmond*,
Your Brother's Son.

Alph. He's a successful Warrior,
And has the Soldier's hearts. Upon the skirts
Of *Arragon*, our squander'd Troops he rallies:
Our Watchmen, from the Tow'rs, with longing eyes
Expect his swift arrival.

Pedr. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more: — Duke *Bertran*.

Ber. Relieve the
[*Alph.*] Now, Col
you stand idle h
Ber. Mine are dr
take a short repo
Ber. Short let it
from the *Mooris*
ere has been hear
the Bees disturb'd
that courage in ou
Pedr. As much a
bid their dying
walls are thinl
rest, an heart
and harrafs'd out v
Ber. Good-nig
Pedr. Nay, for
ave to lose: I'll
the mid breach
a short Soldier
my few Friends
the next fair bull
Alph. Never w
so confus'd
that run, and kn
like meteors by e
Pedr. I met a
With a paunch sw
light rest upon't
with colour'd, a
come puffing wi
and fumbling o
told 'em false
ere hung a W

The Double Discovery.

15

Enter Bertran, attended.

Ber. Relieve the Centrys that have watch'd all night.
Ped. Now, Colonel, have you dispos'd your Men,
that you stand idle here?

Ber. Mine are drawn off,
to take a short repose.

Ber. Short let it be:

From the *Moorish* Camp, this hour and more,

there has been heard a distant humming noise,

the Bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.

What courage in our Soldiers? Speak, what hope?

Ped. As much as when Physicians shake their heads;
and bid their dying Patient think of Heav'n.

Our walls are thinly mann'd, our best Men slain;

the rest, an heartless number spent with watching,

and harass'd out with duty.

Ber. Good-night all then.

Ped. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life

have to lose: I'll plant my Colours down

in the mid breach, and by 'em fix my foot;

and a short Soldier's pray'r, to spare the trouble

of my few Friends above, and then expect

the next fair bullet.

Alph. Never was known a night of such distraction:

the noise so confus'd and dreadful: jostling crowds,

that run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,

like meteors by each other in the streets.

Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar,

with a paunch swoln so high, his double chin

might rest upon't; A true Son of the Church;

with colour'd, and well thriven on his trade,

some puffing with his greasie bald pate quire,

and fumbling o'er his beads, in such an agony,

he told 'em false for fear: about his neck

there hung a Wench, the label of his function;

Whom

Whom he shook off, i'th' faith methought, unkindly.
It seems the holy Stallion durst not score
Another sin before he left the world

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To Arms, My Lord, to Arms.
From the *Moor's* Camp the noise grows louder still:
Ratling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums, and Ataballas
And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the heav'ns,
Like Victory; then groans again, and howlings,
Like those of vanquish'd Men: But every eccho
Goes fainter off, and dies in distant sounds.

Bert. Some false Attack; expect on t'other side:
One to the Gunners on *St. Fago's* tow'r; bid 'em,
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul, (flam) (flam)
They're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*,
To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor*.

Enter second Captain.

2. *Capt.* My Lord, here's fresh intelligence arriv'd
Our Army led by valiant *Torrismond*,
Is now in hot engagement with the *Moors*;
'Tis said, within their trenches.

Bert. I think all fortune is reserv'd for him.
He might have sent us word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his attempt
With Sallies from the Town. —

Alph. It cou'd not be:
We were so close blockd up that none cou'd peep
Upon the walls and live: But yet 'tis time —

Bert. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of death, let no man dare to sally.

Ped. (aside) Oh envy, envy, how it works within him!
How now! what means this show?

Alph. 'Tis a Procession:
The Queen is going to the great Cathedral

A fair chal
opening of an a
and so Fortu

A

ENE, A

Mrs. Sulle

orrow my de
Amorning?

Mrs. Sull. Any

me: But I

er in the Litur

Dr. But there's

swear, Sister S

ally discontent

For besides t

is, as being S

Wife, your ex

matrimony tha

long vacation a

you brought

urge against yo

most constant M

Mrs. Sull. The r

Dr. He never fl

Mrs-Sull. No,

Dr. He allows

ity.

Mrs. Sull. A m

hospital Chil

A fair challenge by this light; this is a pretty opening of an adventure; but we are Knight-Er- and so Fortune be our guide. [Exit.

A C T. I I.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's house.*

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.

DORINDA.

Morrow my dear Sister; are you for Church this morning?

Mrs. Sull. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can give me: But I think, *Dorinda*, there's no form of prayer in the Liturgy against bad Husbands.

Dor. But there's a form of Law in *Doxors Commons*; I swear, Sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to me. For besides the part that I bear in your vexatious life, as being Sister to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife, your example gives me such an impression of matrimony that I shall be apt to condemn my person to long vacation all its life... But supposing, Madam, you brought it to a case of separation, what can I urge against your Husband? My Brother is, first, the most constant Man alive —

Mrs. Sull. The most constant Husband, I grant'ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sull. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your station.

Mrs. Sull. A maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for a hospital Child, that I must sit down, and bless my

B

Bene

Benefactors for meat, drink and cloathes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother ten thousand pounds, out of which, I might expect some pretty things, call'd pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. Sull. Country pleasures! Racks and torments doest think, Child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambing over stiles? or that my Parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country-pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoaking tobacco with my Husband? or of spreading of plaisters, brewing of diet-drinks, and stilling Rosemary-water with the good old Gentlewoman, my Mother in-law?

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you: I could wish indeed that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refin'd. But pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philosophers that labour'd so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. Sull. Because they wanted money, Child, to find out the pleasures of the Town: Did you ever see a Poet or Philosopher worth ten thousand Pound? If you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you fifty Pound you'll find him somewhere within the weekly Bills.... Nor that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the Poets have painted them; in their land scape every *Phyllis* has her *Coridon*, every murmuring stream, and every flow'ry mead gives fresh alarms to love.... Besides, you'll find, that their couples were never marry'd.... But yonder I see my *Coridon*, and a sweet Swain it is. Heaven knows.... Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother; and between both is he not a sad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best Judge.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sull. O Sir, of a fullen, never thinks.

head: and f

you shall se

home this m

me out of

bling over the

after his Man a

Passengers in

as a Salmon

his bre

as greasy

He tosses

his shoulders

bed, leaves m

comfort is the tun

ple, his nose.

melancholly c

er, Sister, you

all-bred Man,

My head a

Mrs. Sull. Will

with us this m

No.

Dor. Coffee, Br

Mrs. Sull. Will

me? the air

Mrs. Sull. Scrub.

Sir.

Mrs. Sull. O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, be-
 come of a fullen, silent Sot, one that's always musing,
 never thinks . . . There's some diversion in a talking
 head: and since a Woman must wear chains, I
 would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little .
 you shall see, but take this by the way; . . . He
 came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wa-
 ke me out of a sweet dream of something else, by
 stumbling over the Tea-table, which he broke all to pie-
 ces, after his Man and he had rowl'd about the room like
 Passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed,
 as a Salmon into a Fishmonger's basket; his feet
 as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and
 face as greasy as his flanel night-cap. . . . Oh Matrimo-
 ny! . . . He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing
 on his shoulders, disorders the whole Oeconomy of
 my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's
 comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful Nigh-
 tangle, his nose. O the pleasure of counting
 the melancholly clock by a snoring Husband! . . . But
 in humor, Sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a
 married Man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. My head akes consumedly.
Mrs. Sull. Will you be pleased, my Dear, to drink
 with us this morning? it may do your head good.
Sull. No.
Dr. Coffee, Brother?
Sull. Pshaw.
Mrs. Sull. Will you please to dress and go to Church
 with me? the air may help you.
Sull. Scrub.

Enter Scrub.

Mrs. Scrub. Sir.

B 2

Sull.

Sull. What day o'th week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your Worship.

Sull. Sunday! Bring me a dram; and d'ye hear, let out the Venison-pasty, and a tankard of strong Beer upon the Hall-table, I'll go to breakfast.

Dor. Stay, stay, Brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught last night, and must make your Wife reparation; come, come, Brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sull. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sull. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sull. But I can't, Sir.

Sull. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sull. But I must tell you, Sir, that this is no to be born.

Sull. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sull. What is the reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sull. Scrub?

Scrub. Sir.

Sull. Get things ready to shave my head.

Mrs. Sull. Have a care of coming near his temple. *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. . . . Inveterate stupidity did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O Sister, Sister! I shall never ha' good of the Beau till I get him to Town: London, dear London is the place for managing and breaking a Husband.

Dor. And has not a Husband the same opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. Sull. No, no, Child, 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a Man wou'd enslave his Wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, she wheedles her Booby up to Town. . . . A Man dare not play the Tyrant in London, because there are so many examples to encourage the Subject to rebell. O Dorinda,

Dorinda! a fine
O my Conscience
kind Men.

Dor. I fancy, S

power that w

French Count to

Sull. The

at their Gall

Dor. And some

to such amu

Sull. Well

do as well no

my lethargic

Security b

must be alar

men are like P

till he hears

Dor. This mig

standing were

but I fancy

I fancy, Sift

if you dealt f

Mrs. Sull. I ow

and water: Bu

other Wives

give the world

Husband, co

kindness to ke

Dor. But how d

ating your Hu

ness, he shou

Sull. Let

I wou'd pro

Dor. But how r

Mrs. Sull. You

Dor. What, ag

Mrs. Sull. He's

Dorinda! a fine Woman may do any thing in *London*.
O my Conscience, she may raise an Army of forty
thousand Men.

Dr. I fancy, Sister, you have a mind to be trying
power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn
French Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. Sull. The *French* are a people that can't live
without their Gallantries.

Dr. And some *English* that I know, Sister, are not
to such amusements.

Mrs. Sull. Well, Sister, since the truth must out, it
do as well now as hereafter; I think one way to
my lethargick sottish Husband, is to give him a
Security begets negligence in all people; and
we must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their duty:
Men are like Pictures, of no value in the hands of a
Man, till he hears Men of sense bid high for the pur-
chase.

Dr. This might do, Sister, if my Brother's un-
derstanding were to be convinc'd into a passion for
me; but I fancy there's a natural aversion of his side;
I fancy, Sister that you don't come much behind
me, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sull. I own it, we are united contradictions,
fire and water: But I cou'd be contented, with a great
many other Wives, to humour the censorious Mob,
and give the world an appearance of living well with
my Husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a
little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dr. But how do you know, Sister, but that instead
of making your Husband by this artifice to a counterfeit
kindness, he should awake in a real fury?

Mrs. Sull. Let him: — If I can't entice him to the
other, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dr. But how must I behave my self between ye?

Mrs. Sull. You must assist me.

Dr. What, against my own Brother?

Mrs. Sull. He's but half a Brother, and I'm your

entire Friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of Honour, leave me; till then I expect you should go along with me in every thing; while I trust my Honour is in your hands, you may trust your Brother's in mine. The Count is to dine here to day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, Sister, that I can't like that Man.

Mrs. Sull. You like nothing, your time is not com
Love and death have their fatalitics, and strike hom
one time or other: — You'll pay for all one day,
warrant'ye — But, come, my Lady's Tea is read
and 'tis almost Church-time [Exe

[Exem

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

Airwell.

And was she the Daughter of the house?

Arch. The Landlord is so blind as to think so; I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

Ann. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the Baggage has a pert *je ne scai quoy* she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, Faith; the Lady gives her self a
forfooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o'that, and I'll declare
myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else.
Look'ye, Aimmwell, every Man in his own sphere.

Aim. Right ; and therefore you must pimp for your Master.

Arch. In the usual forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd my self — But to our business: — You are

I fancy you
 ; the exterior
 to make t
 There's son
 The ap
 draws as
 he comes
 buzz
 — Who
 him ? — T
 a crown ; he
 into the best
 box, turn m
 the Dean, if he
 a Beauty, rivet
 ded by the
 whole Church
 ide it : after the
 for a Lover
 a dying for
 good earnest f
 Arch. There's
 edent ; but
 uity, try to f
 nels at presen
 dim. Pshaw, r
 rtune — Le
 Arch. Tom.
 dim. Ay.
 Arch. When w
 dim. Um— I
 Arch. And how
 urch now ?
 dim Blessing !
 Arch. Truly
 demands.

dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome a figure,
I fancy you may do execution in a Country
Church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in
right to make that impression favourable.

There's something in that which may turn to
stage: The appearance of a Stranger in a Country
Church draws as many gazers as a blazing Star; no
sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a train of
singers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a
moment; — Who is he? whence comes he? do you
ask him? — Then I, Sir, tips me the Verger with
a crown; he pockets the Simony, and inducts
me into the best pew in the Church; I pull out my
self-box, turn my self round, bow to the Bishop,
the Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; single
out Beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose
bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew
the whole Church my concern by my endeavouring
to hide it: after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me
credit for a Lover, and by perswading the Lady that
I'm dying for her, the tables are turn'd, and she
in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a
precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to a
Beauty, try to fix'em upon a Fortune; that's our
business at present.

Am. Pshaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without
Fortune — Let me alone, for I am a Marksman.

Arch. Tom.

Am. Ay.

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Am. Um — I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to
Church now?

Am. Blessing! nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife. [*Ex.*

Arch. Truly the Man is not very unreasonable in
demands.

[Exit at the opposite door.

Enter Bonniface and Cherry.

Bon. Well Daughter, as the saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young you know, Father, and I don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? your Mother was useless at five and twenty. Not wheedle! would you make your Mother a Whore and me a Cuckold as the saying is? I tell you his silence confesses it and his Master spends his money so freely, and is so much a Gentleman every manner of way that he must be a Highwayman.

Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

Gib. No matter, ask no questions, all fair and honourable: Here, my dear *Cherry* [*Gives her a bag*]. Two hundred sterling pounds, as good as any that ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue; lay'em by with the rest, and here— Three wedding or mourning Rings, 'tis much the same you know— Here, two silver-hilted swords; I took those from Fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts— Here is a diamond necklace which the Lady hid in the privatest place in the Coach, but I found it out: This Gold Watch I took from a Pawn-broker's Wife; it was left in her hands by a Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her; — From a poor Lady just elop'd from her Husband; she had made up her cargo and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she cou'd drive; she told me of her Husband's bar-

barous name?

STRATAGEM. 25

usage, and so I left her half a Crown: But almost forgot my dear *Cherry*, I have a Present for you.

Clara. What is't?

Gibbet. A pot of cereuse, my child, that I took out of my pocket.

Clara. What Mr *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint?

Gibbet. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the fact that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Hand-kerchief— Here, take my cloak, and go secure your premises.

Clara. I will secure'em.

[Exit.

Clara. Bur, hear'ye, where's *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*?

Gibbet. They'll be here to-night.

Clara. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o'the Pad-ock Road?

Gibbet. No.

Clara. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house now.

Gibbet. The Devil! how'dye smook'em?

Clara. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gibbet. That's suspicious, I must confess.

Clara. And the other is now in his Master's chamber;

pretends to be Servant to the other: we'll call him

and pump him a little.

Gibbet. With all my heart.

Clara. Mr. *Martin*, Mr. *Martin*?

Enter *Martin* combing a *Perrywig*, and singing.

Gibbet. The roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as

Drentford at *Christmas*— A good pretty Fellow

who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch. My Master's.

Gibbet. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gibbet. That's much— The Fellow has been at the

by his evasions— But, pray, Sir, what is your

name?

B 5

Arch.

Arch. Tall, all dall; [*sings and combs the Perrywig.*]
This is the most obstinate curl—

Gib. I ask you his name?

Arch. Name, Sir, — Tall, all dall — I never ask'd
him his name in my life. Tall, all dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But, pray, Friend, which way does your Master travel?

Arch. A horseback.

Gib. Very well again, an old offender, right; — But, I mean does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards I fear, Sir: Tall all.

Gib. I'm afraid my fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Martin* you're very arch — This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and wou'd be glad of your company, that's all — Come, Captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll shew you a Chamber — Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewel, Friend —

Arch. Captain, your Servant — Captain! a pretty Fellow; s'death, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in red, but their o n.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone! and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen; I wou'd have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Affide.*] Mr. *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some recruiting Serjeant, or whip'd out Trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find.

Arch. Come, my Dear, have you con'd over the Catechise I taught you last night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is

Cler. Love is

Arch. Now, and g

Arch. Very w

Arch. Where

Cler. Into the

Arch. And w

Cler. I won't

Arch. What an

Cler. Youth,

Arch. The rea

Cler. The two

Arch. at Court.

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. That's

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt Scholar. [*Chucks her under the chin*] Where does Love enter?

Cher. Into the eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell'ye.

Arch. What are objects of that passion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty, and clean linnen.

Arch. The reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the last at Court.

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the signs and tokens of that Passion?

Chester. Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, — Come, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions I'll shew practicable.

[*Exit*] Arch. That's my good Child, kiss me — What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, must bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, must court the Footman that laughs at him; — He must, he must —

Arch. Nay, Child, I must whip you if you don't learn your lesson; he must treat his —

Cher. O, ay, he must treat his Enemies with respect, his Friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruine, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine?

Cher. Come, my Dear, why is love call'd a riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well — And why is Love pictur'd thus?

Cher. Because the Painters out of the weakness or pride —

privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes that they cou'd not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little Scholar, kiss me again— And why shou'd Love, that's a Child govern a Man?

Cher. Because that a Child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends Love's Catechism— And now my Dear, we'll go in, and make my Master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*— You have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn't by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions; and it wou'd be nonsense in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in this garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to servitude, I hate it— Own your condition, swear you love me, and then—

Arch. And then we shall go make the bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to London a younger Brother, fell into the hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand— promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand Pound.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand Pound that I have this minute in my own custody; so throw off your Livery this instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

Arch. What said you? A Parson!

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! no, no, but — two thousand Pound you say?

Cher.

And better.
 S'death, what shall I do? — but heark'e Child,
 I would make you Master of your self and money,
 you may have the same pleasure out of me, and
 keep your Fortune in your hands?
 Then you won't marry me?
 I would marry you, but—
 O sweet, Sir, I'm your humble Servant;
 I am fairly caught. Wou'd you persuade me that
 a Gentleman who cou'd bear the scandal of wear-
 ing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pound, let
 the condition be what it wou'd? — no, no, Sir,—
 I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken,
 it was only to inform my self of the respect that
 you ought to pay you. *(Going.*
 Fairly bit, by *Jupiter* — hold, hold, and
 you actually two thousand pound?
 Sir, I have my secrets as well as you —
 if you please to be more open, I shall be more
 so; and be assur'd that I have discoveries that will
 be worth yours, be what they will — in the mean while
 I satisfy'd that no discovery I make shall ever hurt
 you; but beware of my Father —
 So — we're like to have as many adventures
 as our Ian, as *Don Quixote* had in his — let me see,
 two thousand Pound! if the Wench wou'd pro-
 ceed to dye when the money were spent, I gad, one
 wou'd marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a
 year or two, and the Wife may live — Lord knows
 how long! Then an Inkeeper's Daughter; ay that's
 the Devil — there my pride brings me off;

*Whatso'er the Sages charge on Pride
 Angels fall, and twenty faults beside,
 Earth I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
 Saves Man oft, and Woman too from falling. [Exit.*

ACT,



A C T. I I I.

SCENE, *the Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen, Dorinda.

Mrs. SULLEN.

HA, ha, ha, my dear Sister, let me embrace thee, now we are friends indeed, for I shall have a secret of yours, as a pledge for mine — now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a Fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confidence already, has avow'd his passion, toasted your health, call'd you ten thousand Angels; has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment

Dor. Your hand, Sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sull. So, — she's breeding already — come child up with it — hem a little — so — now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we saw at Church just now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs. Sull. Well enough! is he not a Demi-God a *Narcissus*, a Star, the Man i'the Moon?

Dor. O Sister, I'm extreamly ill.

Mrs. Sull. Shall I send to your Mother, Child, for

file of her cepha
feet? or sha
something for you
holome your self
fellow; I saw him
Dor. I saw him
methought lik
Mrs. Sull. Well
Dor. No forward
off, no study
ature did it all—
Mrs. Sull. Better

Dor. But then
Mrs. Sull. Yes,
of his eyes?
Dor. Sprightly,
w, but never ga
then his looks
they aim'd to
at my feet,
Mrs. Sull. The p
your self now
Dor. Hem! muc
our Mercury

Well Scrub, what
Scrub. Madam,
sers.

Dor. Open it qu
Scrub. In the first
was: they tol
ould what the C
id, that they ne

of her cephalick plaister to put to the soles of
feet? or shall I send to the Gentleman for
something for you? — Come, unlace your stays,

and welcome your self — the Man is perfectly a pretty
fellow; I saw him when he first came into the Church.

Dor. I saw him too, Sister, and with an air that
gave me methought like rays about his person.

Mrs. Sull. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward coquett behaviour, no airs to set
men off, no study'd looks nor artful posture, — but
nature did it all —

Mrs. Sull. Better and better — one touch more —

Dor. But then his looks — did you observe his
eyes?

Mrs. Sull. Yes, yes, I did — his eyes, well,
that of his eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seem'd to
glance, but never gaz'd on any thing but me —

and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble,
that they aim'd to tell me, that he cou'd with pride
stand at my feet, tho' he scorn'd slavery any where
else.

Mrs. Sull. The physick works purely — How d'ye
feel your self now, my dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my dear — O here
comes our Mercury.

Enter Scrub.

Well Scrub, what news of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a packet of
news.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the first place I enquir'd who the Gentle-
man was: they told me he was a Stranger. Secondly,
ask'd what the Gentleman was, they answer'd and
said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I
enquir'd

enquir'd what Countryman he was, they reply'd 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demand whence he came, their answer was they cou'd not tell. And fifthly, I ask'd whither he went; and they reply'd they knew nothing of the matter; — and this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. Sull. But what do the people say, can't they guess?

Scrub. Why some think he's a Spy, some guess he's a Mountebank; some say one thing, some another — but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit.

Dor. A Jesuit! why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his Footman talks French.

Mrs. Sull. His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were jabbering French like two intreaguig Ducks in a mill-pond; and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace; and then he has tops to his shoes, up to his mid-leg, a silver-headed Cane dangling at his nuckles, — he carries his hands in his pockets just so — [*Walks in the French air*] and has a fine long perriwig ty'd up in a bag — Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of Man than I.

Mrs. Sull. That may easily be — but what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it — This Fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning; the first hides the latter by abundance — Scrub!

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it would be a satisfaction no doubt.

Dor. You must
man, and invi
Ale, because
Scrub. Yes, Ma
Mrs. Sull. O bra
terland the Mat
in the world;
to Church, n
with his scou
— so we drop
questions our
Stranger is com
the Butler in
do us the favo
Scrub. Oh! Ma
d your Ladyshi

Gip. Ladies, Din
Dor. Scrub, We
order'd you.
Scrub. I shall.

SCENE

Enter

Well, Tom, I
Aim. A ma
not discern a Sw
Arb. Well, but
Aimwel! ca
that romance c
O Archer,
look'd like Cere

Dor.

Dr. You must go and get acquainted with his man, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of Ale, because you're Butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butlerevery Sunday.

Mrs. Sull. O brave, Sister, O my conscience you meritand the Mathematicks already — 'tis the best in the world; your Mother, you know, will be to Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his scoundrels, and the House will be our — so we drop in by accident and ask the fellow questions our selves. In the Countrey you know a Stranger is company, and we're glad to take up in the Butler in a Country-dance, and happy if I do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me, I never would your Ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon table.

Dr. Scrub. We'll excuse your waiting — Go where you order'd you.

Scrub. I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Inn,*

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

ARCHER.

Well, Tom, I find you're a marksman:

Aim. A marksman! who so blind cou'd be, not discern a Swan among the Ravens?

Arb. Well, but heark'ee, Aimwell.

Aim. Aimwel! call me Oroondates, Cefario, Amadis, that romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll answer. O Archer, I read her thousands in her looks; she look'd like Ceres in her harvest, corn, wine and oil,

C

milk

milk and honey, gardens, groves and purling streams play'd on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face! her pocket, you mean; the corn, wine and oil lies there. In short, she has ten thousand Pound, that's the English on't.

Aim. Her eyes—

Arch. Are demi-cannons to be sure, so I won't stand their battery.

Aim. Pray excuse me, my passion must have vent. [Going]

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ee think these romantick airs will do our business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantick by half.

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes, The Nymph that with her twice ten hundred pounds,

With brazen engine hot, and quouis clear starch'd,

Can fire the Guest in warming of the Bed—

There's a touch of sublime *Milton* for you, and the subject but an Inn-keepers Daughter. I can play with a Girl as an Angler do's with his Fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the saying is— yonder's an honest Fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful's* Butler, who begs the honour that you wou'd go home with him and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my *baifemains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my self the honour to wait on him immediately.

Aim. What do I hear? Soft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Toftida* sing?

Arch. Pshaw! damn your raptures; I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the Vessel, and

Ship will get into

another Lad

Yes, faith

I am in

Can't you

time.

No, no,

is ingross'd to

you to keep

you fall foul of m

atom— What!

while I am upon

Aim. Well, we

tolerable com

ing alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir

ing is, that ar

Aim. Gentlemen

here; will you

tell him I shou

Bon. Who shall

Aim. Ha! that

only a Travel

his company,

Bon. I obey y

Arch. S'death!

re your self?

Aim. My Broth

ay thing else,

about— you

Arch. Ay, ay.

Ship will get into Harbour, my life on't. You say
another Lady very handsome there?

Yes, faith.

I am in love with her already.

Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the
time.

No, no, Friend, all her corn, wine and
is ingross'd to my market— And once more I
you to keep your anchorage clear of mine, for
you fall foul of me, by this light you shall go to the
bottom— What! make prize of my little Frigate.
while I am upon the cruise for you. [Exit.

Enter *Bonniface*.

Well, well, I won't— Landlord, have you
tolerable company in the house; I don't care for
being alone.

Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below, as the
saying is, that arrived about an hour ago.

Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every
where; will you make him a complement from me,
tell him I should be glad of his company?

Who shall I tell him, Sir, wou'd —?

Ha! that stroak was well thrown in —

only a Traveller like himself, and wou'd be glad
of his company, that's all.

I obey your commands, as the saying is.
[Exit.

Enter *Archer*.

S'death! I had forgot, what Title will you
be your self?

My Brothers to be sure; he wou'd never give me
any thing else, so I'll make bold with his Honour
about — you know the rest of your cue.

Ay, ay.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before, I hope. *[Aside.]*

Aim. And pray, Sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any Gentleman—but my Landlord—

Aim. O, Sir, I ask your pardon, you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be regimental. *(Aside.)*
You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service. I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of honour, you know— Besides 'twas for the good of my Country that I shou'd be abroad— Any thing for the good of one's Country—I'm a *Roman* for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life *(Aside.)* You found the *West Indies* very hot, Sir?

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, Sir, han't I seen your face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too.

Aim. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They an't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the Country—the Devils in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm

said he's not ri

Is your Con

In this hous

What! all?

My Compan

three, ha, ha, ha

You're mer

Ay, Sir, yo

the world, c

care, Sir, fo

read—for I ge

Three or fo

I am credibl

upon this quart

gentleman of yo

got such a way

care for speaki

Your cautio

ame you're no C

Not I Sir, C

so I take it: it

that are generally

it gives a Man

Drawers obedien

no farther.

And pray,

O Sir: you

Sir, I don't

Ha, ha, h

Mr. *Bonnifac*

There's anot

that hearin

to make thethin

What is he

A Clergyman

He's not right, I must tack about.

Is your Company to quarter in *Litchfield*?

In this house, Sir.

What! all?

My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha; we are three, ha, ha, ha.

You're merry, Sir.

Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the world, especially, the art of travelling; I care, Sir, for answering questions directly upon demand — for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Three or four, I believe. (*Aside*

I am credibly inform'd that there are Highwaymen upon this quarter; not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a Gentleman of your figure — But truly, Sir, I got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I care for speaking truth to any Man.

Your caution may be necessary — Then I name you're no Captain?

Not I Sir, Captain is a good travelling name, so I take it: it stops a great many foolish inquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel: it gives a Man an air of something, and makes Drawers obedient — And thus far I am a Captain no farther.

And pray, Sir, what is your true profession?

O Sir: you must excuse me — upon my word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

Ha, ha, ha, upon my word I commend you.

Mr. *Bonniface*, what's the news?

Enter Bonniface.

There's another Gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be so to make the third Man if you wou'd give him leave.

What is he?

A Clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or as it only his travelling name, as my Friend the Captain has it?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Priest, and Chaplain to the French Officers in Town

Aim. Is he a French man?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Brussels*.

Gib. A French-man, and a Priest! I won't be seen in his company, Sir; I have a value for my reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but Captain, since we are by ourselves— Can he speak English, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a Foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir, but he's a Master of languages as the saying is, he talks Latin, it do's me good to hear him talk Latin.

Aim. Then you understand Latin, Mr. *Boniface*?

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the saying is, but he talks it so very fast that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, Gentlemens, both.

Aim. A Frenchman! Sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your most faithful Servant, and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My English is very vel for the vords, but we Foreigners you know cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A Foreigner! a down right Teague by this light. (*Aside*.) Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was edu

Gib. I am a Su

Gib. What King

Foig. Upon my

Aim. Nay, Cap

Aim. he's a Str

Foig. O let him

Foig. is not easily

Aim. Come,

Aim. Landlord,

Bon. Upon the

Aim. Gentleme

Foig. No, no f

Aim. No, Do

Gib. Ay, ay,

CENE, c

B

ter Archer a

me another,

band, Gipse

Tall, all dall

have that Son

Arch. No, no,

you be sure

scrub. Pho! up

Arch. 'Tis eno

Master is the

duel r'other da

agerously, tha

Foig.

STRATAGEM. 39

Fig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at
Fig. I am a Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

Fig. What King of *Spain*, Sir, Ipeak?

Fig. Upon my Shoul Joy, I cannot tell you as

Am. Nay, Captain., that was too hard upon the
 actor, he's a Stranger.

Fig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation
 it is not easily put out of countenance.

Am. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the dispute —

Am. Landlord, is dinner ready?

Am. Upon the table as the saying is.

Am. Gentlemen — pray — that door —

Fig. No, no fait, the Captain must lead.

Am. No, Doctor, the Church is our guide.

Fig. Ay, ay, so it is —

[Exit foremost, they follow.]

SCENE, changes to the Gallery in Lady
 Bountyful's house.

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging
 one another, Scrub with a Tankard in his
 hand, Gipsey listning at a distance.

Scrub.

All, all dall — Come, my dear Boy — Let's
 have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the Family — But
 you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a Gentle-

Arch. 'Tis enough — You must know then that
 Master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; he fought
 a duel yother day in *London*, wounded his Man so
 dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he

hears whether the Gentleman's wounds be mortal or not: He never was in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

Gip And that's enough for me.

[Exit

Scrub. And where were you when your Master fought?

Arch. We never know of our Masters quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Masters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an hour you shall have the whole County in arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for — But if you should chance to talk now of my business?

Scrub. Talk! ay, Sir, had I not learn't the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure there are secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, ay; — But I'll say no more — Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here —

Arch. With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh — Here's to your Ladies healths; you have three. I think, and to be sure there must be secrets among'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ay, Friend; I wish I had a Friend —

Arch. Am not I your Friend? Come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this minute — Give me a kiss — And now Brother *Scrub* —

Scrub. And now, Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand on end: — You must know, that I am consumedly in love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now

in the Cellar,

in a petticoat; and

Arch. Ha, ha, ha,

or her vertue,

Scrub. I should like

more than beauty;

men, long and

Arch. In the Coun

ty vertue is lost,

Scrub. Ay, could

you get her all to my

lay, for fear of

father, how do y

ou pressing-Ac?

Arch. Very ill, E

was made for us

when we cou

if they refused

to carry'em b

ing, they have

three Justices.

Scrub. And to be

the Justices wo

ample. Now th

in the house,

a Fury —

Arch. And how

Scrub. Why, th

it.

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a da

came over hit

ers, and eat up o

ers over his head

use.

Arch. How cam

Scrub. Because h

in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that ever
wore a petticoat; and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha— Are you in love with her per-
son, or her vertue, Brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like Vertue best, because it is more
valuable than beauty; for Vertue holds good with some
men, long and many a day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Wo-
man's vertue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a Bastard, I shou'd
give her all to my self; but I dare not put it upon
myself, for fear of being sent for a Soldier— Pray,
how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that
pressing Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*;— 'Tis the worst that
was made for us: Formerly I remember the good
times, when we cou'd dun our Masters for our wages,
if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have War-
rent to carry 'em before a Justice; but now if we talk
of doing, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us be-
fore the three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating;
the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad
example. Now this is my misfortune— I dare not
eat in the house, while that jade *Gipsy* dings about
me a Fury— Once I had the better end of the
stick.

Arch. And how comes the change now?

Scrub. Why, the Mother of all this mischief is a
 Priest.

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*,
that came over hither to say grace to the *French* Offi-
cers, and eat up our provisions— There's not a day
goes over his head without dinner or supper in this
house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd
here

here all his life ; and tells lies as if he had been a Traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this Priest, I'm afraid has converted the affections of your Gipsy.

Scrub. Converted ! ay , and perverted , my dear Friend : — For I'm afraid he has made her a Whore and a Papist — But this is not all , there's the French Count and Mrs. *Sullen* , they're in the confederacy , and for some private ends of their own be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother *Scrub* I suppose the Maiden Lady has her Lover too?

Scrub. Not that I know ; — She's the best on 'em that's the truth on't : But they take care to prevent my curiosity , by giving me too much business , that I'm a perfect Slave — What d'ye think is my place in this Family ?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah , Lord help you — I'll tell you — On a Monday , I drive the Coach ; of a Tuesday , I drive the Plough ; on Wednesday , I follow the Hounds ; Thursday , I dun the Tenants ; on Friday , I go to Market ; on Saturday , I draw Warrants ; and a Sunday I draw beer.

Arch. Ha , ha , ha ! if variety be a pleasure in life you have enough on't , my dear Brother — But what Ladies are those ?

Scrub. Ours , ours ; that upon the right hand is Mrs. *Sullen* , and the other is Mrs. *Dorinda* — Don't mistake 'em , sit still , Man —

Enter Mrs. Sullen, and Dorinda.

Mrs. *Sull.* I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Aimwell* ; but they say that his Brother is the finest Gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, Sister.

Mrs. *Sull.* He's vastly rich , but very close , they say.

No matter

I'll open his b

that People m

their Servants ; I

now.

Mrs. *Sull.* So do

now : Come this

early.

to walk a turn to

Sullen drops her

goes it her.]

Arch. Corn, win

Wife has the gre

ould be my choice

Your Ladyship

Mrs. *Sull.* O , Sir

the Fellow has

Mrs. *Bow!* why

me down from

ers , and carr

entry.

Arch. (Aside.) T

a better than o

introduce me.

Scrub. Ladies , t

that you see a

me from *London*

he might show

knives.

Dor. And I hope

Arch. O yes ,

ship's liquor i

tion of your hu

Mrs. *Sull.* What

Arch. No , Mac

le Wine and w

ans for a remedy a

Scrub. O la , O

Dor.

No matter for that: if I can creep into his
I'll open his breast, I warrant him. I have heard
that People may be guess'd at by the behaviour
of their Servants; I cou'd wish we might talk to that

Mr. Sull. So do I; for, I think he's a very pretty
 fellow. Come this way, I'll throw out a lure for him
 presently.

She walks a turn towards the opposite side of the Stage.
Sullen drops her glove, Archer runs, takes it up,
gives it her.

Arch. Corn, wine, and oil, indeed— But, I think,
 your Wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she
 shou'd be my choice— Ah, a, say you so— Madam
 Your Ladyship's glove.

Mr. Sull. O, Sir, I thank you— what a handsom
 fellow the Fellow has?

Dr. Bow! why I have known several Footmen
 come down from London, set up here for Dancing-
 masters, and carry off the best Fortunes in the
 country.

Arch. (Aside.) That project, for ought I know, had
 been better than ours. Brother *Scrub*— Why don't
 you introduce me.

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange Gentleman's Ser-
 vant that you see at Church to-day; I understood he
 came from London, and so invited him to the Cellar,
 that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting
 knives.

Dr. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the strength of your
 Ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the consti-
 tution of your humble Servant.

Mrs. Sull. What, then you don't usually drink Ale?

Arch. No, Madam, my constant drink is Tea, or
 simple Wine and water; 'tis prescrib'd me by the Physi-
 cians for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. O la, O la! — a Footman have the
 Mrs.

Mrs. Sull. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions, it wears out, and so descends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholly particles in the blood, occasion'd by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks— How long, pray, have you serv'd your present Master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the Ladies.

Mrs. Sull. And pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages. There is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. Sull. That flight was above the pitch of a Liver. And, Sir, wou'd not you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

Arch. As a Groom of the chamber, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. Sull. I suppose you serv'd as Footman before?

Arch. For that reason I wou'd not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in London. My Lady *Howd'ye* the last Mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left word with *Mrs. Rebecca*, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several hints and surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her

know-

edge are of mo
Sull. Ha, I
Sir?

Why, I han
ye was about
place two syll
incapable

The pleasant
friend, if your M
still serve a Lady
No, Madam
marry'd Famil
Mistress are alw
please both.

There's a m
marry'd, I find.

Sull. But I
Services, you l
you.

I don't kn
necancy offer'd
bread, Madam

Madam, he
pretty well her
a day, I'm no

Does he? P
Are you fo

O le! he

Sull. A Tri
I'm asham
Since you comm

[Sings]

A trifling Song
begun with a T

age are of more importance ———

Sull. } Ha, ha, ha ! where are you going ,
 } Sir ?

Why, I han't half done ——— The whole
was about half an hour long; so I hapned
to place two syllables, and was turn'd off, and ren-
dered incapable ———

The pleafantest Fellow, Sister, I ever faw —
Friend, if your Master be marry'd, — I presume
I'll serve a Lady.

No, Madam, I take care never to come
in a marry'd Family; the commands of the Master
and Miftreis are always fo contrary, that 'tis impossi-
ble to please both.

There's a main point gain'd — My Lord is
marry'd, I find. [Aside.

Sull. But I wonder, Friend, that in fo many
Services, you had not a better provision made
for you.

I don't know how, Madam — I had a
penfion offer'd me three or four times; but that
bread, Madam — I live much better as I do

Madam, he fings rarely — I was thought to
be pretty well here in the Country till he came; but
one day, I'm nothing to my Brother Martin.

Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with
one?

Are you for paffion, or humour?

O le ! he has the pureft Ballad about a
——

Sull. A Trifle ! pray, let's have it.

I'm afham'd to offer you a trifle, Madam :
I'll command me ———

[Sings to the Tune of Sir Simon the King.

A trifling Song you fhall hear,

Began with a Trifle and ended, &c.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sull. Very well, Sir, we're obliged to you—
Something for a pair of gloves. [*Offering him Money.*]

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused: My Master, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from another hand without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands.

Dor. This is surprising: Did you ever see so prettily a well-bred Fellow?

Mrs. Sull. The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lords, that his Lordship has pitched upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion to bear him company in this dress; and who, ten to one, is his Second too.

Mrs. Sull. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so:— For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. Sull. The Count happen'd to be the agreeable Man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my Husband— But I don't like this Fellow better in a design upon my self.

Dor. But now, Sister, for an interview with the Lord, and this Gentleman; how shall we bring them about?

Mrs. Sull. Patience! you Country Ladies give quarter, if once you be enter'd— Wou'd you prevent their desires, and give the Fellows no wishing time— Look'ye, *Dorinda*, if my Lord loves you, or deserves you, he'll find a way to you, and there we must leave it— My business comes now upon the tapis— Have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sull. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes—

En

What fingering
Sull. The fingering
[Enter] d of it all da

You're impertinent
Sull. I was ever

you.
One flesh! rather

together.
Sull. Or rather

So, this is fine
Yes, my Wife

Sull. And my
suffer

S'death, why
Sull. S'death,

Do you talk to
Sull. Do you talk

Sister, heark'ye
be late.

Sull. What di
That he wou'd

the Closet, and
you once mor

for, as I told you
kindness, you may

knows how how
Sull. I'm prov

But here comes

Ente

you wonder, M
Search this afternoon

Exit

Enter Sullen.

What singing was that I heard just now?

Sull. The singing in your head, my dear, you
think'd of it all day.

You're impertinent.

Sull. I was ever so, since I became one flesh
with you.

One flesh! rather two carcases join'd unnatu-
rally together.

Sull. Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead

body. So, this is fine encouragement for me.

Yes, my Wife shews you what you must do.

Sull. And my Husband shews you what you
must suffer.

S'death, why can't you be silent?

Sull. S'death, why can't you talk?

Do you talk to any purpose?

Sull. Do you think to any purpose?

Sister, heark'ye; (*Whispers*) I shan't be home
before he be late. [*Exit.*]

Sull. What did he whisper to ye?

That he wou'd go round the back way, come
to the Closet, and listen as I directed him— But let
me beg you once more, dear Sister, to drop this pro-
pos'd for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him
in his madness, you may provoke him to a rage; and then
you know how how far his brutality may carry him?

Sull. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant
you. But here comes the Count, vanish.

[*Exit Derinda*]

Enter Count Bellair.

Do you wonder, *Monsieur le Count*, that I was not
at Church this afternoon?

Count.

Count. I more wonder, Madam, dat you go dere at all, or how you dare to lift those eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.

Mrs. Sull. If Heaven, Sir, has given to my eyes with the power of killing, the virtue of making a cure I hope the one may atone for the other.

Co. O largely, Madam; wou'd your Ladyship be ready to apply the remedy as to give the wound— Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner; first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering eyes. My first chains are easy, there a Ransom may redeem me; but from your fetters I never shall get free.

Mrs. Sull. Alas, Sir, why shou'd you complain me of your captivity, who am in chains myself? you know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied in that particular that might give you ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War— Of War indeed— I have given my Parole of honour; wou'd you break yours to gain your liberty?

Co. Most certainly I wou'd, were I a Prisoner among the *Turks*; dis is your case; you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worst of *Turks*, a Husband.

Mrs. Sull. There lies my foible, I confess; no Fortifications, no courage, conduct, nor Vigilancy can pretend to defend a place, where the cruelty of the Governour forces the Garrison to mutiny.

Co. And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die before de Place— Here will I fix (Kneels) With tears, vows, and prayers assault your heart, and never rise till you surrender; or if I must storm— Love and St. Michael— And so I begin the attack—

Mrs. Sull. Stand off— Sure he hears me not— And I cou'd almost wish he — did not— The Fellow makes love very prettily. (Aside.) But, Sir, why shou'd you put such a value upon my person, when you see it despis'd by one that knows it to much better?

He knows it
the value of the
wear it next
arms.

Mrs. Sull. But fine

Count. And one tha
and takes you up

Enter Suller

all. Hold, Villain

Mrs. Sull. Presentin

all. What! murt

?

Mrs. Sull. Bully!

long swords, t

you know—

prepar'd this to

tion were, to p

this other Gentler

Count. O Madam,

pistol, they nevre

all. What? court

Mrs. Sull. Pray, M

for a minute.

all. To give you

Mrs. Sull. I need n

all. No, for I hea

Count. Ay! and b

ty.

Mrs. Sull. Then I

of your own b

all. Barbarity! o

arity? do I ever

Mrs. Sull. No.

all. As for you,

He knows it not, tho' he possesses it; if he but
 the value of the Jewel he is master of, he wou'd
 wear it next his heart, and sleep with it in
 arms.

Mrs. Sull. But since he throws me unregarded from

And one that knows your value well, comes
 and takes you up, is it not justice?—

[Goes to lay hold on her.

Enter Sullen with his sword drawn.

Hold, Villain, hold.

Mrs. Sull. Presenting a Pistol.] Do you hold.

What! murder your Husband, to defend your

Mrs. Sull. Bully! for shame, Mr. Sullen; Bullies
 long swords, the Gentleman has none, he's a
 oner you know— I was aware of your outrage,
 prepar'd this to receive your violence; and, if
 tion were, to preserve my self against the force
 this other Gentleman.

O Madam, your eyes be betre fire arms dan
 pistol, they nevre miss.

What? court my Wife to my face!

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Mr. Sullen, put up; suspend your
 for a minute.

To give you time to invent an excuse?

Mrs. Sull. I need none.

No, for I heard every syllable of your discourse.

Ay! and begar, I tink de dialogue was vera

Mrs. Sull. Then I suppose, Sir, you heard some-
 of your own barbarity?

Barbarity! oons what does the Woman call
 barbarity? do I ever meddle with you?

Mrs. Sull. No.

As for you, Sir, I shall take another time:

10

Count.

Count. Ah, begar, and so must I.

Sull. Look'e, Madam, don't think that my anger proceeds from any concern I have for your Honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome.

Mrs. Sull. Sir, I thank you kindly, you would allow me the sin but rob me of the pleasure— No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the crime without the satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.

Sull. Then will you grant me this, my Dear? let any body else do you the favour but that French man for I mortally hate his whole generation.

Count. Ah, Sir, that be ungrateful, for begar, I love some of yours Madam— [*Approaching her.*]

Mrs. Sull. No, Sir—

Count. No, Sir, — Garzoon, Madam, I am your Husband.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir, — believ'd your addressies to me were no more than amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my complaisance: and to convince you that you ought you must know, that I brought you hither only to make you instrumental in setting me right with my Husband, for he was planted to listen by my appointment.

Count. By your appointment?

Mrs. Sull. Certainly.

Count. And so, Madam, while I was telling twent' stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.

Mrs. Sull. I ask your pardon, Sir, but I hope this will give you a taste of the vertue of the English Ladies.

Count. Begar, Madam, your Vertue be vera great, but Garzoon your *houeteté* be vera little.

Mrs. Sull. Nay,

Count. Angry! Fair

and addressies to

ship want a Fo

ange, &c.

Mrs. Sull. There

Resentment wi

anger in a song, —

you have heard t

Count. And I bring

Mrs. Sull. But I n

and Sister.

Count. I own it—

Mrs. Sull. Patience

ence sends no evil v

standing under a yok

my ruin, and my p

under

Count. But how can

visions don't come

ence.

Mrs. Sull. Law!

the abyss of Nature

accountable disaffec

up the endless

or can a Be

Der. They never p

but in case of un

Mrs. Sull. Unclean

transient injury, a

radical hatreds b

er, Nature is the

temperopposite,

nor iron manac

Enter

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. Sull Nay, now you're angry, Sir.

Count. Angry! Fair *Dorinda* [*Sings Dorinda the Opera and addresses to Dorinda.*] Madam, when your ship want a Fool, send for me. Fair *Dorinda*.
[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sull There goes the true humour of his Nature; Repentment with good manners, and the height of anger in a song, — Well Sister, you must be Judge, you have heard the trial.

Dor. And I bring in my Brother guilty.

Mrs. Sull. But I must bear the punishment— 'Tis my Sister.

Dor. I own it— But you must have patience.

Mrs. Sull. Patience! The cant of custom — Providence sends no evil without a remedy--- shou'd I lie lying under a yoke I can shake off, I were accessory to my ruin, and my patience were no better than self-ruin.

Dor. But how can you shake off the yoke? --- Your notions don't come within the reach of the law for a moment.

Mrs. Sull. Law! What law can search into the recesses of Nature? what evidence can prove the accountable disaffections of wedlock?--- can a Jury sum up the endless aversions that are rooted in our nature? or can a Bench give Judgment upon antipathies?

Dor. They never pretended Sister, they never meddle but in case of uncleanness.

Mrs. Sull. Uncleanness! O Sister, casual violation a transient injury, and may possibly be repaired; but radical hatreds be ever reconcil'd?--- No, no, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set tempers opposite, not all the golden links of wedlock nor iron manacles of law can keep 'um fast.

*Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heavens decree,
 But such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be;
 Concurring tempers in the Man and Wife
 As mutual helps to draw the load of life.
 View all the works of Providence above,
 The Stars with harmony and concord move;
 View all the works of Providence below,
 The fire the water, earth, and air, we know,
 All in one plant agree to make it grow.
 Must Man the chiefest work of Art Divine,
 Be doom'd in endless discord to repine?
 No, we shou'd injure Heaven by that surmise;
 Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise.*



A T C. IV.

SCENE, *The Gallery in Lady
 Bountyful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. SULL.

WERE I born an humble Turk, where Women
 have no soul nor property, there I must sit con-
 tented---- But in *England*, a Country whose Women
 are it's Glory, must Women be abus'd? where W
 men rule, must Women be enslav'd? Nay, cheat
 into Slavery, mock'd by a promise of comfortabl
 society into a wilderness of solitude.... I dare n
 keep the thought about me---- O, here com
 something to divert me----

Enter

*Tim. I come an't y
 y Bountiful, an't y
 Mrs. Sull. Well, g
 Tim. I come seven
 Husband's fore le
 Mrs. Sull. Your H
 Husband!
 Tim. Ay, poor m
 from home.
 Mrs. Sull. There,
 Tim. Well good V
 do — You mu
 e, and with a chop
 road as you can, t
 beat the flesh
 take salt, pepp
 e sweet herbs, a
 it up like brav
 hours.
 Heavens rew
 e Babies too that a
 please ye.
 Mrs. Sull. Put a lit
 good Woman. (
 ship's pardon fo
 hands, I have be
 of your Patients.
 Boun. Come, g
 Creature, I am
 — What wou'd y
 Mrs. Sull. She war
 leg.
 Boun. What's th
 Tim. It came first
 in his foot,
 Tim.*

Enter a Country Woman.

Wm. I come an't please your Ladyship, you're my Bountiful, an't ye?

Mrs. Sull. Well, good Woman go on.

Wm. I come seventeen long mail to have a cure for Husband's fore leg

Mrs. Sull. Your Husband! What Woman, cure Husband!

Wm. Ay, poor man, for his fore leg won't let him from home.

Mrs. Sull. There, I confess, you have given me a

Wm. Well good Woman, I'll tell you what you do — You must lay your Husbands leg upon a board, and with a chopping knife, you must lay it open as you can, then you must take out the bone, beat the flesh soundly with a rowling-pin; take salt, pepper, cloves, mace and ginger, sweet herbs, and season it very well, then put it up like brawn, and put it into the oven for hours.

Mrs. Heavens reward your Ladyship — I have two Babies too that are pitious bad with the graips, please ye.

Mrs. Sull. Put a little pepper and salt in their Bel- good Woman. (*Enter Lady Bountiful.*) I beg your Ladyship's pardon for taking your business out of your hands, I have been tampering here a little with of your Patients.

L. Boun. Come, good Woman, don't mind this Creature, I am the person that you want, I sup- What would you have, Woman?

Mrs. Sull. She wants something for her Husband's leg.

L. Boun. What's the matter with his leg, Goody?

Wm. It came first as one might say with a sort of stiffness in his foot, then he had a kind of liveness in his

his joints, and then his leg broke out, and then it
swell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke
out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better,
and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. Sull. ha, ha, ha.

L. Bonn. How can you be merry with the misfor-
tunes of other people?

Mrs. Sull. Because my own make me sad, Madam.

L. Bonn. The worst reason in the world, Daughter
your own misfortunes shou'd teach you to pity
others.

Mrs. Sull. But the Woman's misfortunes and mine
are nothing alike; her Husband is sick, and mine
is in health.

L. Bonn. What! Wou'd you wish your Husband
sick?

Mrs. Sull. Not of a sore leg, of all things.

L. Bonn. Well, good Woman, go to the pantrey
get your belly full of victuals, then I'll give you a
receipt of diet-drink for your Husband— But don't
hear Goody, you must not let your Husband move
too much.

Wom. No, no, Madam, the poor Man's inclinable
enough to lye still.

L. Bonn. Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh
I have done miracles about the Country here with my
Receipts.

Mrs. Sull. Miracles, indeed, if they have cur'd any
body; but, I believe, Madam, the Patient's faith
goes farther toward the miracle than your prescription.

L. Bonn. Fancy helps in some cases, but there's
your Husband who has as little fancy as any body, I
brought him from death's door.

Mrs. Sull. I suppose, Madam, you made him drink
plentifully of Ass's milk.

Enter Dor.

Mr. News, dear

Enter

Arch. Where, wh

Arch. is the old Lady

L. Bonn. I am.

Arch. O, Madam th

Arch. kindness, benevolenc

Arch. further to implore

Arch. my unfortunate

Arch. nothing his last.

L. Bonn. Your Ma

Arch. At your ga

Arch. grace of your han

Arch. walking up the

Arch. Yard, he was

Arch. know not what

Arch. lies

L. Bonn. Here, *Sc*

Arch. (Exit down stairs, p

Arch. in quickly, quic

Arch. Heaven wil

Arch. veritable act.

L. Bonn. Is your M

Arch. O yes, Mad

Arch. have five or six of

L. Bonn. What is M

Arch. Lord, Mada

Arch. neglect may save

L. Bonn. Ah, poo

Arch. the way, I'll see

Arch. O Sister my

Arch. hardly forbear r

Enter

Enter Dor. runs to Mrs. Sull.

News, dear Sister, news, news.

Enter Archer running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful — Pray
is the old Lady of you three?

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O, Madam the fame of your Ladyship's charity,
kindness, benevolence, skill and ability have drawn
me hither to implore your Ladyship's help, in behalf
of my unfortunate Master, who is this moment
breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your Master! Where is he?

Arch. At your gate, Madam, drawn by the ap-
pearance of your handsome house to view it nearer,
being walking up the Avenue within five paces of the
back-yard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort
I know not what, but down he fell, and there
he lies.

L. Boun. Here, *Scrub*, *Gipsy*, all run, get my easie
chair down stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring
it in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this
merciful act.

L. Boun. Is your Master us'd to these fits?

Arch. O yes, Madam, frequently — I have known
him have five or six of a night.

L. Boun. What is Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying, a minute's care
or neglect may save or destroy his life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor Gentleman! Come Friend shew
me the way, I'll see him brought in my self.

[*Exit. with Archer.*

Dor. O Sister my heart flutters about strangely, I
can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

Mrs. Sull. And I'll lay my life, he deserves your assistance more than he wants it. Did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the Physician; put on all your Charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O Sister, I'm but a young Gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece shou'd recoil and hurt my self.

Mrs. Sull. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear Sister you have mis'd your mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a Chair, carry'd by Archer and Scrub, L. Bountiful Gipsey. Aimwell counterfeiting a swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here let's see the hartshorn drop — Gipsey a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong — Bless me, how his hands are clinch'd.

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? Why don't you help us — Pray, Madam, (To Dorinda) take his hand & open it if you can, whilst I hold his head.

Dor. Poor Gentleman — Oh — he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully —

L. Boun. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases — he'll bite if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand, my hand.

L. Boun. What's the matter with thee foolish Girl? I have got this hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the heat

of it draws the
Sull. I find, I
sorts of fits.

'Tis no wonder
with them my self
minute.

Sull. (Aside.)
you.

Boun. His fit hold
Longer than

open his breast
Boun. Where did

To-day at Cl
Boun. In what m

Very strangely
touch'd with some

he only felt, bu
or pleasure.

Boun Wind, not
By soft degree

there his fanc
ful, and dress'd

that his transpo
straight convey'd

of life sent all its
open'd all its fluid

Boun. Your Ma
to smell to —

water — Some fe
gry-water to rub

Hem a little
al water. [Ai

How d'ye, Sir
Where am I?

Sure I have pass'd
And now I land on

Behold the Godd
Fair Proserpine —

nity.

of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Sull. I find, Friend, you're very learned in
sorts of fits.

'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often trou-
with them my self; I find my self extreamly ill at
minute. [*Looking hard at Mrs. Sull.*]

Sull. (*Aside.*) I fancy I could find a way to
thall you.

Boun. His fit holds him very long.

Longer than usual, Madam, — Pray, young
open his breast, and give him air.

Boun. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

To-day at Church, Madam.

Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Very strangely, my Lady. He was of a sud-
touch'd with something in his eyes, which at the
he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 't was
or pleasure.

Boun. Wind, nothing but wind.

By soft degrees it grew and mounted to his
there his fancy caught it; there form'd it so
ful, and dress'd it up in such gay pleasing co-
that his transported appetite seiz'd the fair idea,
straight convey'd it to his heart. That hospitable
of life sent all its sanguine spirits forth to meet,
his opened alls its fluicy gates to take the Stranger in.

Boun. Your Master shou'd never go without a
to smell to— O!— He recovers— The Laven-
water — Some feathers to burn under his nose—
grey-water to rub his temples— O, he comes to
Hem a little, Sir, hem— *Gipsy*, bring the
al water. [*Aimwell seems to awake in a maze.*]

How d'ye, Sir?

Where am I?

[*Rising.*]

Sure I have pass'd the gulph of silent Death,

And now I land on the *Elisian* shore—

Behold the Goddess of those happy plains,

Fair *Proserpine*— Let me adore thy bright Divi-
nity.

D 5

[*Kneels*]

[*Kneels to Dorinda and kisses her hand*]
 Mrs. Sull. So, so, so, I knew where the fit would
 end

Aim. Euridice perhaps— How cou'd thy Orphan
 keep his word,

And not look back upon thee?

No treasure but thy self cou'd sure have brib'd
 him

To look one minute off thee.

L. Boun. Delirious. poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, Madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord— How do's your Lordship?

L. Boun. Lord! Did you mind that, Girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good hands, Sir, — You were
 taken just now with one of your old fits, under the
 trees just by this good Lady's House, her Ladyship had
 you taken in, and has miraculously brought you
 your self, as you see—

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, Madam,
 that I can now only beg pardon — And refer my
 acknowledgements for your Ladyship's care, till an
 opportunity offers of making some amends—
 dare be no longer troublesome— *Martin*, give twenty
 Guineas to the Servants.

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into
 the air, you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly
 recover'd.

[*Here Archer talks to L. Bountiful in dumb show*]

Aim. That I shall never be, Madam; my present
 illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it
 my grave.

Mrs. Sull. Don't despair, Sir, I have known several
 fall in your distemper, shake it off with a fortnight's
 Physick.

L. Boun. Come Sir, your Servant has been telling
 me that you're apt to relapse if you go into the air—
 Your

good-manners fh
 shall sit down ag
 mind ceremonies
 service t'ye— Yo
 I can assure yo
 it off, Sir: And

Some what bet
 Boun. Ay, ay, Pec
 — Come Girls,

house, 'tis but an ol
 better walk about

immediately into

able Pictures— I

way, I must go to

Mr. This way Sir.

Ladies, shall

on you, for he u

Mr. Sull. Sir, we

pictures, so he

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. S*]

Enter Foigar

Save you, Ma

[*Going*]. Sir, I won't

I, I abhor the Fr

I'm a bold Briton

blood to keep out!

My Master Scrub,

Good Mr. P

Mr. Sull. Sir, she's

Months ago, Sir

good manners shan't get the better of ours —
 shall sit down again, Sir, — Come, Sir, we
 mind ceremonies in the Country — Here, Sir,
 service t'ye — You shall taste my Water; 'tis a
 I can assure you, and of my own making —
 it off, Sir: And how d'ye find your self now,

[*Aimwel drinks*

is. Somewhat better — tho' very faint still.

Bowen. Ay, ay, People are always faint after these
 — Come Girls, you shall shew the Gentleman
 House, 'tis but an old family building, Sir, but you
 better walk about and cool by degrees, than ven-
 immediately into the air — You'll find some
 ble Pictures — *Dorinda*, show the Gentleman
 way, I must go to the poor Woman below. [*Exit.*
Mr. This way Sir.

Mr. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my Servant to
 on you, for he understands pictures very well?

Mrs. Sull. Sir, we understand originals, as well as
 pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sull. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.*

Enter Foigard and Scrub meeting.

Scrub. Save you, Master *Scrub*

Foigard. Sir, I won't be fav'd your way -- I hate a
 I, I abhor the French, and I defie the Devil --
 I'm a bold *Briton*, and will spill the last drop of
 blood to keep out Popery and slavery.

Scrub. Master *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in
 sticks, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs

Foigard. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her,
 stick, Sir, she's gone abroad, Sir, she's -- dead
 Months ago, Sir.

Enter

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. How now, Impudence ! how dare you talk so fancily to the Doctor ? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill for the common people of *England* are not so civil to Strangers, as...

Scrub. You lie, you lie -- 'Tis the common people
that are civillest to Strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to— Get you out I say.

Scrub. I won't

Gip. You won't, Sauce-box— Pray, Doctor what is the Captain's name that came to your Inn last night?

Scrub. The Captain! Ah, the Devil, there she hampers me again; --- The Captain has me on one side and the Priest on t'other: --- So between the Gown and the Sword, I have a fine time on't--- But, *Cedant arma togæ.* [Goes]

Gip. What, Sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my Dear, I won't march— But I'll walk— And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[Goes behind the side Scene, and listens

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Fig. Ah! Mrs Gipsy, upon my Shoul, now, *Gr.* his complainings wou'd mollifie the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he fittles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings. In conclusion, Joy, he's afflicted, *à la François*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig. Nothing, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. Sullen's closet when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? it wou'd be botha

is a shame, Doctor.

Here is twenty *Lewidores*, Joy, for your shame; will give you an absolution for the shin.

But won't that money look like a bribe?

Dat is according as you shall tauk it -- If receive the money beforehand, 'twill be *logicè*; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be on-gratification.

Well, Doctor, I'll take it *logicè* -- But what I do with my Conscience, Sir?

Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, and your Conscience is under my hands.

But shou'd I put the Count into the closet --

Vel, is dere any shin for a Man's being in a closet? one may go to prayers in a closet.

But if the Lady shou'd come into her Chamber and go to bed?

Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed,

Ay, but if the parties shou'd meet, Doctor?

Vel den... The parties must be responfable -- you be after putting the Count in the closet; and the shins wid themselves. I will come with Count to instruct you in your chamber.

Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure -- thinks I'm so easie after an Absolution, and can refresh with so much security, that I'm resolv'd to be a Martyr to't -- Here's the key of the garden, come in the back way when tis late, -- I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand, I'll lead you, and do lead the Count, and follow me. (Exit.)

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here? -- There's twenty *Lewidores*, I heard that and saw the purse: But I must be room to my betters.

Enter

Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making love in a dumb show — Mrs. Sull and Archer.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir (To Archer.) how d'ye like that piece?

Arch. O, 'tis Leda --- You find, Madam, how Jupiter comes disguis'd to make love—

Mrs. Sull. But what think you there of *Alexander's* Battles?

Arch. We want only a *Le'Erun*, Madam, to draw greater Battles, and a greater General of our own. The *Danube*, Madam wou'd make a greater figure in a picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our *Armelies* to match their *Arbela*.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 't is poor *Ovid* in his exile.

Mrs. Sull. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious love, Madam. (bowing) His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sull. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark... He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sull. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sull. How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. *Venus*! I protest, Madam, I took it for your picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sull. Oh, what a charm is Flattery! if you wou'd see my picture, there it is, over that cabinet; How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least resemblance of you... But, methinks, Madam... [He looks at the the Picture and Mrs. Sullen three

or four times, by turns.
Pray,

Madam, who d

Sull. A famous

[He

A famous ha

are featur'd t

ure, shining fluid

indeed has y

of killing Cup

tips too are figur

the pouting rip

al?

Sull. Had it

such a Man!

Your Breasts

Heaven! a pre

is *Salmonesus*,

for offering to

serv'd the Painter

Sull. Had my

employ their

Arch. There's the

pose 'tis your L

Sull. And w

Arch. I think the

I can't at thi

figures of the emb

am —

Sull. The De

gave him an opp

a great mind

ah, what am I d

Sister?

Arch. I'll follow

where a French

Briton sure may n

Madam, who drew it?

Sull. A famous hand, Sir.

[Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.

A famous hand, Madam — Your eyes, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling, shining fluid, in which they swim? The indeed has your dimples; but where's the of killing *Cupids* that thou'd ambush there? too are figur'd out; but where's the carnation, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the

Sull. Had it been my lot to have match'd such a Man! [Aside.

Your Breasts too, presumptuous Man! what! Heaven! *a propos*. Madam, in the very next there is *Salmonesus*, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* thunder, I hope serv'd the Painter so, Madam?

Sull. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they'd employ their lightning better.

There's the finest bed in that room, Madam, suppose 'tis your Ladyship's Bed-chamber.

Sull. And what then, Sir?

I think the Quilt is the richest that ever I — I can't at this distance, Madam, distinguish figures of the embroidery; will you give me leave,

Sull. The Devil take his impudence — Sure give him an opportunity, he durst not offer it —

a great mind to try — (*Going.*) (*Returns*)

what am I doing? — And alone too! —

Sister?

I'll follow her close —

where a French man durst attempt to storm,

Briton sure may well the work perform.

(*Going.*)

Enter

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Martin, Brother Martin.

Arch. O, Brother Scrub, I beg your pardon was not a going; here's a Guinea, my Master orders you.

Scrub. A Guinea, hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! eh— this light it is a Guinea; but I suppose you expect and twenty shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for Gipsy.

Scrub. A Guinea for her! Faggot and fire for Witch—— Sir, give me that Guinea, and discover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub. Ay, Sir a Plot, and a horrid plot... First it must be a Plot because there's a Woman in't; secondly, it must be a Plot because there's a Priest in't; thirdly, it must be a Plot because there's French gold in't; and fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, Brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a mystery and a Riddle— This I know, that here has been the Doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an Absolution in the other; and Gipsy has sold her self to the Devil; I saw the price paid down, my Eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about Gipsy?

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a Count, a closet, a back door and a key.

Arch. The Count! did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way, but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I cou'd not distinguish.

STRA

You have to

Told! no.

never to spe

pe a peace.

You're i'th ri

a-foot between

riest and the Cha

it shall go

in the Treaty—

He and Gipsy

ady's marmalade

(From without

I come, Sir,

But you forg

Here, I give

And I take it

I'll spoil your plo

set the Captain

buy me off.

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Sullen. Well, Sir

And well, Sir

Sullen. What's be

What's become

Sullen. Servant!

Gentleman by fif

O'my conscie

ellow at the Gal

Sullen. O'my co

put a Friend of y

You desir'd m

ingress'd the bo

Sullen. Thou de

Arch. do't mean? you

STRATAGEM. 65

You have told this matter to no body,

Told! no, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm never to speak one word *pro* nor *con*, till we are a peace.

You're i'th right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a foot between the Count and the Lady — the Priest and the Chamber-maid are the Plenipoten- — it shall go hard but I find a way to be in- in the Treaty — Where's the Doctor now?

He and *Gipsy* are this moment devouring Lady's marmalade in the closet.

(*From without.*) *Martin, Martin.*

I come, Sir, I come.

But you forget the other Guinea, Brother

Here, I give it with all my heart. [*Exit.*

And I take it with all my Soul.

I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. *Gipsy*; and if you let the Captain upon me, these two Guineas buy me off. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.

Sull. Well, Sister.

And well, Sister.

Sull. What's become of my Lord?

What's become of his Servant?

Sull. Servant! he's a prettier fellow, and a Gentleman by fifty degrees than his Master.

O my conscience, I fancy you could beg fellow at the Gallows foot.

Sull. O my conscience, I could, provided I put a Friend of yours in his room.

You desir'd me, Sister to leave you, when I transgress'd the bounds of Honour.

Sull. Thou dear censorious Country Girl — dost mean? you can't think of the Man without

E the

the bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood; it must conform to the humours of the company.

Mrs. Sull. How a little love and good company improves a Woman; why, Child, you begin to live, you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to — My Lover has told me that I have more wit and beauty than any of my Sex, and truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

Mrs. Sull. You're in the right, *Dorinda*, Pride is the life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily bread, and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, much as she that believes him in any thing else. But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done — What did your fellow say to ye?

Mr. Sull. My fellow took the picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* her self.

Mrs. Sull. Common cant! had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a Fool, man in good earnest.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. Sull. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sull. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sull. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sull. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. Sull. O Lard! D'ee call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear Sister — Why, my ten thousand Pounds may be brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing but last but some ill natur'd Clown like yours: — What

if I marry my

Plate and Pre

the Drawing-Room

Amibaux — He

Lights, lig

Sull's Coach put to

er Ladyship — A

melancholly c

Sull. Happy,

watchful for yo

regardless of his

ecting joys for y

Dor. Come, my d

Sull. O *Dorin*

of my Sex, a

yielding to soft

and all his tra

apartment of m

to lie in?

Dor. Meaning you

Mrs. Sull. Husb

a name for hi

her here to-nigh

my Father n

to make me eaf

Dor. Will you pr

the mean time w

Mrs. Sull. You

us, as among

greatest Coward

the spirits evapo

the mischief if th

confess the truth

met him drest a

ould be — Look

gifts; — I can

tho' I can

If I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be
 Plate and Precedence, the Park, the Play,
 the Drawing-Room, splendor, equipage, noise
 Ambaux — Hey, my Lady *Aimwell's* Servants
 — Lights, lights to the stairs — My Lady
Aimwell's Coach put forward — Stand by, make room
 for Ladyship — Are not these things moving? —
 Look! melancholly of a sudden?

Sull. Happy, happy Sister! your Angel has
 watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has
 regardless of his charge — Long smiling years
 of lasting joys for you, but not one hour for me

[Weeps.

Dr. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.
Sull. O *Dorinda*, I own my self a Woman,
 of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul, — easily
 yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where
 and all his train might lodge. And must the
 apartment of my breast be made a stable for a
 steed to lie in?

Dr. Meaning your Husband, I suppose?

Sull. Husband! no, — Even Husband is too
 a name for him — But, come, I expect my
 father here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad
 and my Father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a
 way to make me easy.

Dr. Will you promise not to make your self easy
 in mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Sull. You mistake me, Sister — It happens
 to us, as among the Men, the greatest Talkers are
 the greatest Cowards; and there's a reason for it;
 the spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do
 mischief if they took another course; — Tho'
 I confess the truth, I do love that Fellow; — And
 I met him drest as he shou'd be, and I undrest as I
 shou'd be — Look'ye, Sister, I have no supernatu-
 ral gifts; — I can't swear I cou'd resist the tempta-
 tion, tho' I can safely promise to avoid it, and that's

as much as the best of us can do.

[*Ex. Mrs. Sull and D*

SCENE, *changes to the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

Archer.

AND the awkward kindness of the good motherly old Gentlewoman——

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young one's death. 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stick where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. S'death, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from lingering away our idle evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be stinted to bare looking at our old acquaintance the Cards; because our impotent pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the mercenary drabs.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to some purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the discourse, because we can't pay for our club o'th reckoning—dam it, I had rather sponge upon *Morris*, and sup upon a dish of *Bobee* scor'd behind the door.

Aim. And there expose our want of sense by talking criticisms, as we shou'd our want of money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to sneak into the side-box and between both Houses steal two Acts of a Play, and because we han't money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And ten thousand such rascally tricks,—had we outliv'd our fortunes among our acquaintance... But now...

S T R

Arch. Ay, now is while the iron of our adventure

Arch. But I shou'd

of a Frenchman

Arch. Alas, Sir,

in distress; pe

and her reven

—I gad, I have f

elf, that I begin

say this for the h

selves, that the

their *Magna Cha*

put on the Gent

I shall be ready.

E

Sauve you, n

O Sir, your

ame?

Fat naam is up

Arch. Foigard, a ve

Doctor Foigard

Ireland! No

Dey say de pe

And some of

Arrest you as a T

re a Subject of E

Commission, by

French Army: Th

erence must hang

Upon my Sho

you tell me, Fa

of a Burgomaste

Arch. no boo—

STRATAGEM. 69

Doct. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this.—
while the iron is hot.—This Priest is the luckiest
of our adventure;—He shall marry you, and pimp

But I shou'd not like a Woman that can be so
for a *Frenchman*

Alas, Sir, Necessity has no law; the Lady
is in distress; perhaps she has a confounded Hus-
band, and her revenge may carry her farther than her
—I gad, I have so good an opinion of her, and of
herself, that I begin to fancy strange things; and we
may say this for the honour of our Women, and indeed
ourselves, that they do stick to their Men, as they
do their *Magna Charta*.—If the plot lies as I suspect,—
I put on the Gentleman.—But here comes the Doc-
tor—I shall be ready. [Exit.

Enter Foigard.

Sauve you, noble Friend.

O Sir, your Servant; pray Doctor may I crave
your name?

Fat naam is upon me? My naam is *Foigard*, Joy.

Foigard, a very good name for a Clergyman:
Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

Ireland! No Joy—Fat sort of plaace is dat saam

ung? Dey say de people are catcht dere when dey are
d be.

And some of 'em when they're old; as for
y talple.

[Takes Foigard by the shoulder.

I arrest you as a Traitor against the Government:
you are a Subject of *England*, and this morning shew'd
a Commission, by which you serv'd as Chaplain in
the *French Army*: This is death by our Law, and your
sentence must hang for't.

Upon my Shoul, Noble Friend, dis is strange
had you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England*!
son of a *Burgmaster* of *Brussels*, a Subject of *England*!

— E ; Aim.

Aim. The Son of a Bogtrotter in Ireland; Sir, your tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

Foig. And is my tongue all your evidensh, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I will never spake *English* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other evidence—Here, *Martin*, you know this fellow. [Enter *Archer*]

Arch. [In a brogue.] Saave you, my dear Cussen, how do's your health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. [Aside]

Mynbeer, Ick wet neat wat gy zacht, Ick universton neat, Sacrament.

Aim. Altering your language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

Foig. Faace! Fey, is dear a brogue upon my faash, too.

Arch. Upon my soulvation dere ish Joy—But Cussen *Mackshane* vil you not put a remembrance upon me?

Foig. *Mackshane!* By St. *Paatrick*, dat is my naame shure enough. [Aside]

Aim. I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy—By 'at acquaintance are you my Cussen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang your shelf, Joy, you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School; and your foster Moder's Son was marry'd upon my Nurse's Childer, Joy, and so we are Irish Cussens.

Foig. De Devil taak the relation! Vel, Joy, and your School was it?

Arch. I tink it vas---Aay---'Twas *Tipperary*.

Foig. No, no, joy, it vas *Kilkenny*.

Aim. That's enough for us---Self-confession---Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next Magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to Gaol, you're try'd next Assizes, and away you go swing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it so v
Arch. It vil be sh
mediately confes
---Look'e, Sir
choice.

Foig. The Gallow
low, for it is a
den, dere is not
wou'd spaak wid
ht; and dere is n
Count to the plat

Arch. As I gue
enter to the Count
Foig. I have not fl
Arch. Right ager

duct me to the L
Foig. Fat my Cu
dat is too much

Arch. Come, ,
a rope about yo
I'll stop your win
other job for you

Aim. Here's cor
Chamber, and
Arch. Come, r

Arch. Bonniface,
C

Gib. Well, Ge
prise.

Houn. Dark as
Bag. And blow
as shov'd us the
and tells us the pla
the Parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay,
and forks, and

Foig.

Fig. And is it so wid you, Cussen?
Arch. It vil be sho wid you, Cussen, if you don't
 immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs.
Fig. Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the secret, take
 your choice.

Fig. The Gallows! Upon my shoul I hate that saana
 shew, for it is a diseash dat is fatal to our Family--
 den, dere is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs *Shul-*
Arch. wou'd spaak wid the Count in her chamber at mid-
Cussen night; and dere is no haarm, Joy, for I am to conduct
 the Count to the plash, my shelf.

Arch. As I gues'd---Have you communicated the
 matter to the Count?

Fig. I have not shcen him since.

Arch. Rightagen; why then, Doctor,---you shall
 conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count.

Fig. Fat my Cussen to the Lady! Upon my shoul,
 dat is too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor, consider we have
 a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeek,
 we'll stop your windipe, most certainly; we shall have
 another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Sim. Here's company coming this way, let's into
 Chamber, and there concert our affair farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cussen, come along (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Boniface, Hounslow and Bagshot at one door,
Gibbet at the opposite.

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our en-
 terprise.

Hounf. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And blows like the Devil; our Landlord here
 has show'd us the window where we must break in,
Ma. and tells us the plate stands in the wainscoat cupboard in
 the Parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the saying is, knives
 and forks, and coups, and canns, and tumblers,

and tankards--There's one tankard, as the saying is, as the song goes, that's near upon as big as me, it was a present to the Wife shou'd never Squire from his Godmother, and smells of nutmeg and cher, for if they toast like an *East India Ship*. both

Hounsf. Then you say we must divide at the stairhead

Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the saying is--At one end of that Gallery lies my Lady *Bountifull* and her Daughter, and at the other Mrs. *Sullen*--As for the Squire--

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already -- But such a parcel of Scoundrels are got about him now, that I gad I was asham'd to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is--Gentlemen, you must set out at one.

Gib. *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagshot* see our Arms fix'd and I'll come to you presently.

Hounsf. } We will.

Bag. }

(Exit)

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Squire* is a Coward?

Bon. A Chicken, as the saying is--You'll have no coming, coming creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, Friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a Lady; I am the most a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd the road--But, my dear *Bonny*, this prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo* business--I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand Pound

Len. In plate, jewels and money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee, I'll get up to *Town*, sell off my Horse and arms, buy my self some pretty Employment in the Household, and be as snug, and as honest as any Courtier of 'um all.

Bon. And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'ee, my dear *Bonny*--*Cherry* is the

as the song goes, Wife shou'd never cher, for if they both



A

C E N

En

B O

coming, coming at this time o

is, for he scon

Enter

Sir Ch. What, Fe other people s

Bon. Sir, I an't ab

Sir Ch. Is Mr. Sull

Bon. All but the S

in this house.

Sir Ch. What con

Bon. Why, Sir,

leman, the hun

er Gentlemen.

Sir Ch. I find my

of her Spouse.

as the song goes; but it is a maxim that Man
Wife shou'd never have it in their power to hang one
together, for if they should, the Lord have mercy on
both (Exeunt)



A C T. V.

SCENE continues, knocking
without.

Enter Bonniface.

BONNIFACE,

coming, coming — A Coach and six foaming Horses
at this time o' night! Some great Man, as the
great is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, Fellow! a publick house, and abed
when other people sleep!

Ben. Sir, I an't abed, as the saying is

Sir Ch. Is Mr. Sullen's Family abed, think'e?

Ben. All but the Squire himself, Sir, as the saying is,
in this house.

Sir Ch. What company has he?

Ben. Why, Sir, there's the Constable, Mr. Gage the
Gentleman, the hunch-back'd Barber, and two or three
Gentlemen.

Sir Ch. I find my Sister's letters gave me the true pic-
ture of her Spouse.

E 5

Enter

Enter Sullen drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sull. The Puppies left me asleep—Sir.

Sir Ch. Well, Sir.

Sull. Sir, I'm an unfortunate Man—I have three thousand Pound a year, and I can't get a Man to drink a cup of Ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

Sull. Ay, Sir—And unless you have pitty upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my Wife; and I had rather go to the Devil by half.

Sir Ch. But, I presume, Sir, you won't see your Wife to-night: she'll be gone to bed—you don't use to lye with your Wife in that pickle?

Sull. What! not lye with my Wife! why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheist or a Rake?

Sir Ch. If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lye from her.

Sull. I think 'so too, Friend—But I'm a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir Ch. Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes Law for Law's sake; only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sull. But if the Law orders me to send you to Goal you must ly there, my Friend.

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sull. A Crime! Oons an't I marry'd?

Sir Ch. Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a crime, you must disown it for a Law.

Sull. Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, Sir—But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, Sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sull. Look'e, Sir,

th, but if a goo

little truth, I hav

I never heard

so much before.

Sull. Because I ne

Pray, Sir,

tion? Are not M

Sir Ch. You and y

because ye are

have minds that

Minds!

Sir Ch. Ay, Min

takes place of t

Sull. In some peo

Sir Ch. Then the

ard before that of

Sull. Sir, you sha

ways thought tha

Sir Ch. Sir, I kn

because they l

one another in

say so much, if

Sull. Then 'tis pl

Sir Ch. Why don

Sull. Will you ta

Sir Ch. With all

Sull. You shall

venison-pasty into

Sir Ch. You'll le

Sull. Fortune!

fortune—I only ha

Woman shall go

Sir Ch. But her

Sull. Can you pl

Sir Ch. No, tru

Sull. Nor at All

All. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your sea-
 rth, but if a good parcel of land can intitle a Man
 ible truth, I have as much as any he in the country.
 I never heard your Worship, as the saying is,
 much before.

All. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd be-

*Pray, Sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one
 tion? Are not Man and Wife one flesh?*

Sir Ch. You and your Wife, Mr. Guts, may be one
 because ye are nothing else—but rational Crea-
 have minds that must be united.

All. Minds!

Sir Ch. Ay, Minds, Sir, don't you think that the
 takes place of the body?

All. In some people.

Sir Ch. Then the interest of the Master must be con-
 sidered before that of his Servant.

All. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—Oons
 always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Ch. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally
 one, because they love one another, kiss one another,
 one another in all the actions of life; but I cou'd
 say so much, if they were always at cuffs.

All. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Ch. Why don't you part with her, Sir!

All. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir Ch. With all my heart.

All. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and
 enison-pasty into the bargain.

Sir Ch. You'll let me have her Fortune too?

All. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no quarrel at her
 fortune—I only hate the Woman, Sir, and none but
 the Woman shall go.

Sir Ch. But her Fortune, Sir—

All. Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

Sir Ch. No, truly, Sir.

All. Nor at All-fours?

Sir

Sir Ch. Neither.

Sull. Oons! where was this Man bred.

Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two a clock.

Sir Ch. For half an hour, Sir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late.

Sull. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed—Come, Sir—

[Exeunt.]

Enter Cherry, runs across the Stage and knocks at Aimwell's Chamber door. Enter Aimwell in his night cap and gown.

Aim. What's the matter? you tremble, Child, you're frightened.

Cher. No wonder, Sir—But in short, Sir, this very minute, a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the news?

Cher. No, no, Sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things to your Man Martin; but I have search'd the whole house and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child, will you guide me immediately to the house?

Cher. With all my heart, Sir; my Lady Bountiful is my God-mother; and I love Mrs. Dorinda so well—

Aim Dorinda! The name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own—Come, my life, let me but get my sword.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

CENE,

ber in Lady

Mrs. Sull.

Is very late, Sir

Mrs. Sull. N

wards four, and th

company.

Der. Well, my

will go directly to b

Mrs. Sull. I don't k

Der. That's a defi

Mrs. Sull. This is

Der. And might p

How were here.

Mrs. Sull. Here

o a clock o'th' m

ep, my hated Hu

at my feet—Og

Der. Thoughts a

—So, my dear

Mrs. Sull. A good

are they lo? v

e a youthful, g

ther steals out of th

sbewitching, k

, and sees Arch

ereks, and runs t

oughts rais'd a Spi

Devil?

Arch. A Man, a

Mrs. Sull. How f

Scene, changes to a Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's house.

Mrs. Sull. Dor. undress'd. A table and lights.

DORINDA.

Is very late, Sister, no news of your Spouse yet?

Mrs. Sull. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with company.

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; I'll go directly to bed, I suppose?

Mrs. Sull. I don't know what to do: hey hoe.

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, Sister.

Mrs. Sull. This is a languishing hour, Sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical minute, if the pretty how were here.

Mrs. Sull. Here! what, in my bed-chamber, at a clock o'th' morning, I undress'd, the Family my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fel- at my feet—Ogad, Sister!

Dor. Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow—So, my dear, good night.

Mrs. Sull. A good rest to my dear *Dorinda*—Thoughts! are they to? why then suppose him here, dress'd a youthful, gay and burning Bridegroom. (*Here other steals out of the Closet.*) with tongue enchanting, bewitching, knees imploring. (*Turn's a little o' one eye, and sees Archer in the posture she describes.*) Ah tricks, and runs to the other side of the Stage.) Have my thoughts rais'd a Spirit?—What are you, Sir, a Man or devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam.

(*Rising.*

Mrs. Sull. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch.

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. *(Takes her hand)*

Mrs. Sull. What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sull. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, Madam—I'm a *Jupiter* in love, and you shall be my *Alemena*.

Mrs. Sull. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the window, Madam; your *Cupid* lent me his wings, and your Sister *Venus* opened the casement.

Mrs. Sull. I'm struck dumb with admiration.

Arch. And I with wonder. *(Looks passionately at her)*

Mrs. Sull. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks—The teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face; and when she was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd on Lillies—

*Lillies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm Sun thus darts into their arms.* *(Runs to her)*

Mrs. Sull. Ah! *(Shreeks)*

Arch. Oons, Madam, what d'ye mean? you'll raise the house.

Mrs. Sull. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I bear this—What! approach me with the freedoms of a Keeper? I'm glad on't, your impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be impudence *(Kneels)* I leave to your partial self; no panting Pilgrim after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more devotion.

Mrs. Sull. Now, now, I'm ruin'd, if he kneels *(Aside.)* rite thou prostrate Engineer; not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart—Rise, and know, I am a Woman without my sex, I can love to all the tenderness of wishes, sighs and tears—, but go no farther—Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness given for you—But—

Arch. For me!

Mrs. Sull. Hold,

at mortal hatred for

and you now—le

lost.

Arch. Then you'll

Mrs. Sull. Any thi

Arch. When shall

Mrs. Sull. To-mo

Arch. Your lips n

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw

Arch. They must

Paradise! And v

place, silence a

conscious Stars

happiness.

Mrs. Sull. You w

Arch. If the Sun

of to-morrow's

rs.

Mrs. Sull. My f

Arch. My sex's f

Mrs. Sull. You f

Arch. I'll dye w

Mrs. Sull. Thie

Enter Scrub

Scrub. Thieves.

Arch. Ha! the v

me.

Arch. *(Kneelin*

and take my life.

Mrs. Sull. *(H*

ellow mean?

Scrub. O, Ma

arrow-bones—

Arch. Of whom

Arch.

STRATAGEM. 79

Arch. For me! *(Going to lay bold o her.*

Mrs. Sull. Hold, Sir, build not upon that—For my mortal hatred follows if you disobey what I command you now—leave me this minute—If he denies, *Aside.*

Arch. Then you'll promise—

Mrs. Sull. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sull. To-morrow when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must *(Kisses her)* Raptures Paradise! And why not now, my Angel? the time, place, silence and secrecy, all conspire—And the conscious Stars have preordain'd this moment for happiness. *(Takes her in his arms.*

Mrs. Sull. You will not, cannot fare.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my

Mrs. Sull. My sex's pride assist me.

Arch. My sex's strength help me.

Mrs. Sull. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll dye with you. *(C. rrying her off.*

Mrs. Sull. Thieves, Thieves. Murther—

Enter Scrub in his breeches, and one shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Popery.

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in rutting me. *(Draws and offers to stab Scrub.*

Scrub. *(Kneeling.)* O, Pray, Sir, spare all I have atake my life.

Mrs. Sull. *(Holding Archer's hand.)* what do's the fellow mean?

Scrub. O, Madam, down upon your knees, your marrow-bones—He's one of u'm,

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub.

Scrub. One of the Rogues—I beg your pardon, Sir, one of the honest Gentlemen that juit now are broke into the house.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sull. I hope, you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might ha' spar'd; but your crying Thieves has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir, take all we have.

Mrs. Sull. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Beullam.

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they're broke in to the house with fire and sword; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under favour, Sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sull. What shall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your Ladyship a good night.

Mrs. Sull. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone juit now upon pain of your immortal hatred?

Mrs. Sull. Nay, but pray, Sir— [Takes hold of him.]

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd—You see now, Madam, you must use men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his Love along with it. How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With sword and pistol, Sir.

Arch. Hush—I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery—Madam, be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. Sull. Your life! no, Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own safety for the

the sake of yours;

enough to

Mrs. Sull. Yes,

can face any thing

Arch. Come hit

?

Scrub. Eh! my

Arch. This way

Gibbet with

Gib. Ay, ay, th

Mrs. Sull. Who

come to rob m

Gib. Rob you!

unger Brother

ake a noise, I'll

afraid, Madam

(Lay

these rings, Ma

ave a profound

Madam, don't be

Gentleman.

his Necklace, M

ave a veneration

(Here Archer ha

Gibbet by t

the pistol to h

Arch. Hold, p

thy sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! Pray

Arch. How m

Scrub. Five an

Arch. Then I

away:

the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem: Have you courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em.

Mrs. Sull. Yes, yes, since I have scap'd your hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother Scrub, don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee.

[Kisses Archer.

Arch. This way— here— (Archer and Scrub hide behind the bed.

Enter Gibbet with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a Pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. Sull. Who are you, Sir? what wou'd you have? come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack a day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you thro' the head; but don't be afraid, Madam.

(Laying his lanthorn and Pistol upon the table.)
These rings, Madam, don't be concern'd, Madam, I have a profound respect for you, Madam; your keys, Madam, don't be frighted, Madam, I'm the most of Gentleman.

(Searching her pockets.

This Necklace, Madam, I never was rude to a Lady;— I have a veneration—for this Necklace—

(Here Archer having come round and seiz'd the pistol, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up his heels, and claps the pistol to his breast.)

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the reward thy sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, Scrub?

Scrub. Five and forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the Villain to have him out of the way:

F

Gib,

Gib. Hold, hold, Sir, we are but three upon my Honour.

Arch. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsy's* chamber, there you'll find the Doctor, bring him hither presently. (*Exit Scrub running*)
Come, Rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir, don't kill him;—You frighten me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog shall die, Madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment—Sirrah, this moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred Pound to save my life.

Arch. Have you no more Rascal?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command four hundred; but must reserve two of 'em to save my life at the Session.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor, I suppose *Scrub* and you are between you may manage him—Lay hold of him, Doctor.

(*Foigard* lays hold of *Gib*.)

Gib. What! turn'd over to the Priest already—Look ye, Doctor, you come before your time; I am not condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear Joy, I will secure your body, and your soul too; I will make you a good Catholic, and give you an Absolution.

Gib. Absolution! can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor?

Foig. No, Joy—

Gib. Then you and your Absolution may go to the Devil.

Arch. Convey him into the cellar, there bind him. Take the Pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the head,---and come back to us with all the money you can.

Arch. Ay, ay, and I'll guard him.
Mrs. Sull. But how?
Arch. In short, Madam, Rogues are at work. I'll parted with the money. Will you stay with me?
Mrs. Sull. O, will you?

SCENE I
Apartment

Mr. Hounslow
fill, and Bag
the Rogue

Come, come, y
Bag. Your key

Enter A

Turn this
in such a caus

O, Madam,

B. There's three
they won't draw

Enter A

Hold, hold
(They engage)

Scrub

STRATAGEM. 67

Doct. Ay, ay, come, Doctor, do you hold him
and I'll guard him.

Mrs. Sull. But how came the Doctor?

Doct. In short, Madam -- [*Shreeking without.*] S'd death
Rogues are at work with the other Ladies -- I'm
all parted with the Pistol; but I must fly to their as-
sistance -- Will you stay here, Madam, or venture your
safety with me?

Mrs. Sull. O, with you, dear Sir, with you.

(*Takes him by the arm and Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to another
Apartment in the same house.

Hounslow dragging in Lady Bounty-
full, and Bagshot balling in Dorinda;
the Rogues with swords drawn.

Hounslow.

Come, come, your Jewels, Mistress?

Bag. Your keys, your keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durst engage an
eye in such a cause. (*He engages 'em both.*)

Cher. O, Madam, had I but a sword to help the brave

Aim. There's three or four hanging up in the hall;
they won't draw. I'll go fetch one however. (*Exit.*)

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Archer. Hold, hold, my Lord, every Man his Bird,

(*They engage Man to Man, the Rogues are thrown
and disarm'd*)

Cher. What ! the Rogues taken ! then they'll impeach my Father ; I must give him timely notice. (*Runs out*)

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues ?

Aim. No, no, we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay ; here, Madam, lend me your garter

(*To Mrs. Sullen who stands by her*)

Mrs. Sull. The Devil's in this Fellow ; he fights loves, and banters, all in a breath—Here's a cord the Rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the Rogue's Destiny, a Rope to hang himself --- Come, my Lord, --- This is but a scandalous sort of an office, (*Binding the Rogues together.*) if our adventures shou'd end in this sort of Hangman-work ; but I hope there is something in prospect that—

Enter Scrub.

Well. Scrub, have you secur'd your Tartar ?

Scrub. Yes, Sir, I left the Priest and him disputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry these Gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy. [*Delivers the Prisoners to Scrub who leads 'em out*]

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sister, how came my Lord here ?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentleman here ?

Mrs. Sull. I'll tell you the greatest piece of Villany

(*They talk in dumb show*)

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your adventures than the House-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal--Press her this minute to marry you,--now while she's hurry'd between the palpitation of her fear and the joy of her deliverance, now while the tide of her spirits are at high flood--Throw your self at her feet, speak some *Romantick* nonsense or other ;—Address her like *Alexander* in the height of his Victory, confound her senses. bear down her reason, and away with her

It is now in the work.

Enter

But how shall

You a Lover

see.

You bleed,

'Sdeath, I'm

I'll amuse th

my wound, v

Gentlemen

be gratified for

Come, com

ements ; I'm w

How !

I hope, Sir,

None but wh

Let me s

powder sugar to

upon my word,

Ay, my Lad

[*To Mrs. Sull.*]

to a chamber

Do, do,

probe and the

out one way,

Come, Ma

's commands ?

Sull. How c

confidence to ask

And if you g

have the confi

shed in your del

tion—Look'ye

STRATAGEM. 69

He is now in the cellar, and dare not refuse to work.

Enter Lady Bountifull.

But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

You a Lover! And not find a way to get off—

You bleed, *Archer*.

'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the
—I'll amuse the old Lady and Mrs. *Sullen* about
my wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*.

Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you
be gratified for the services—?

Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for
elements; I'm wounded, Madam.

How! wounded!

I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no hurt?

None but what you may cure—

(Makes love in dumb show.)

Let me see your arm, Sir—I must have
powder sugar to stop the blood—O me! an ugly
wound, Sir, you must go into bed.

Ay, my Lady a bed wou'd do very well—Ma
[To Mrs. *Sull.*] will you do me the favour to con-
me to a chamber?

Do, do, Daughter—while I get the lint
probe and the plaister ready.

out one way, *Aimwell* carries off *Dorinda* another.

Come, Madam, why don't you obey your
father's commands?

Sull. How can you, after what is past, have
confidence to ask me?

And if you go that, how can you after what
have the confidence to deny me?—Was not this
shed in your defence, and my life expos'd for your
—Look'ye, Madam, I'm none of your Ro-

mantick Fools, that fight Gyants and Monsters for nothing; my Valour is down right *Swift*; I'm a Soldier of fortune and must be paid.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sull. How! At the expence of my Honour?

Arch. Honour! Can Honour consist with Ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do like a Man of Honour; d'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a case?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you your Brother is below at the gate?

Mrs. Sull. My Brother? Heavens be prais'd—Sir, I shall thank you for your services, he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. Sull. Sir *Charles Freeman*—You'll excuse me, Sir; I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*! Death and Hell!—An old acquaintance. Now unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his time, all our fair Machine goes soufe into Sea like the *Eddystone*.

SCENE, *changes to the Gallery*
the same house.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

DORINDA.

Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous action will I hope, plead for your easy yielding, tho' I must own your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before,

The sweets
Doctor—

Enter

Are you prepa
I'm ready:

a frightful exa

ly; when I rel

lord, consider

Confider! Do

Neither: I c

were your who

d not cast a lo

—But my L

ments may hide

me better fir

any thing exc

Such good

unequal to the t

and made it h

short her. (*A side*

mana, behold y

ge of my Passio

dare I give a fi

except my passi

Der. Forbid it H

Am. I am no L

a mean, a scar

—But the be

me from my

the interest of

Der. Sure I have

deepy image of

forms—Pray,

Am. Brother to

anger to his Hon

Der. Matchless

STRATAGEM. 71

The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her tongue—
Doctor—

Enter Foigard with a Book.

Are you prepar'd boat?

I'm ready: But, first, my Lord one word?—
a frightful example of a hasty Marriage in my own
sely; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray,
Lord, consider a little—

Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?
Neither: I do believe you equally just as brave—
were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse,
I'd not cast a look upon the multitude if you were
—But my Lord, I'm a Woman; colours, con-
ments may hide a thousand faults in me;—Therefore
know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know my
in any thing except my love.

Such goodness who cou'd injure; I find my
unequal to the task of a Villain; she has gain'd my
and made it honest like her own;—I cannot, can-
short her. (*Aside*) Doctor, retire. (*Exit Foigard.*
Behold your Lover and your Proselite, and
of my Passion by my conversion—I'm all a lie,
dare I give a fiction to your arms; I'm all counter-
except my passion.

Forbid it Heaven! A Counterfeit!

I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come
a mean, a scandalous design to prey upon your For-
—But the beauties of your mind and person have so
on me from my self, that like a trusty Servant, I pre-
the interest of my Mistress to my own.

Sure I have had the dream of some poor Mariner,
decepy image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd
forms—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Brother to the Man whose title I usurp'd, but
anger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Matchless honesty—Once I was proud, Sir, of
your

mantick Fools, that fight Gyants and Monsters for nothing; my Valour is down right *Swift*; I'm a Soldier of fortune and must be paid.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sull. How! At the expence of my Honour?

Arch. Honour! Can Honour consist with Ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do like a Man of Honour; d'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a case?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you that your Brother is below at the gate?

Mrs. Sull. My Brother? Heavens be prais'd—Sir, I shall thank you for your services, he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. Sull. Sir *Charles Freeman*—You'll excuse me, Sir; I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*! Death and Hell!—an old acquaintance. Now unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his time, all our fair Machine goes soufe into Sea like the *Eadistone*.

SCENE, *changes to the Gallery*
the same house.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

DORINDA.

WELL, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous action will I hope, plead for me in easeful yielding, tho' I must own your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before.

STR

The sweets of
Doctor—

Enter

Are you prepar'd?

I'm ready: I

a frightful exa

ly; when I ref

Lord, consider a

Consider! Do

Neither: I d

were your who

d not cast a lo

— But my Lo

ments may hide

me better first

in any thing exce

Such good

unequal to the r

, and made it h

hurt her. (*A side*

Madam, behold y

ge of my Passio

dare I give a fi

except my pass

Forbid it H

Aim. I am no L

a mean, a scar

— But the be

me from my

the interest of m

Dor. Sure I have

deepy image of

forms—Pray,

Brother to

anger to his Hor

Dor. Matchless

STRATAGEM. 71

The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her tongue—
Doctor—

Enter Foigard with a Book.

Are you prepar'd boat?

I'm ready: But, first, my Lord one word?—
a frightful example of a hasty Marriage in my own
ly; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray,
Lord, consider a little—

Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?
Neither: I do believe you equally just as brave—
were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse,
I'd not cast a look upon the multitude if you were
—But my Lord, I'm a Woman; colours, con-
ments may hide a thousand faults in me;—Therefore
me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know my
any thing except my love.

Such goodness who cou'd injure; I find my
unequal to the task of a Villain; she has gain'd my
and made it honest like her own;—I cannot, can-
her. (*Aside*) Doctor, retire. (*Exit Foigard.*
Man, behold your Lover and your Profelite, and
of my Passion by my conversion—I'm all a lie,
dare I give a fiction to your arms; I'm all counter-
except my passion.

Forbid it Heaven! A Counterfeit!

I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come
a mean, a scandalous design to prey upon your For-
;—But the beauties of your mind and person have so
me from my self, that like a trusty Servant, I pre-
the interest of my Mistress to my own.

Sure I have had the dream of some poor Mariner,
deepy image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd
forms—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Brother to the Man whose title I usurp'd, but
anger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Matchless honesty—Once I was proud, Sir, of
your

your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can shew my love was justly level'd, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir, we shannot want you now, Sir. You must excuse me, —I'll wait on you presently.

(Exit with Gipsy.)

Foig. Upon my Shoul, now, dis is foolish. *(Exit.)*

Aim. Gone! And bid the Priest depart—it has an ominous look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, Tom—Shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons, Man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O, Archer, my honesty, I fear has ruin'd me.

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discover'd my self.

Arch. Discover'd! And without my consent? What! Have I embark'd my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispos'd of all without my partnership?

Aim. O, Archer, I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction—'Tis then too late for pardon—You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single—So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What to be despis'd, expos'd and laugh'd at—No, I wou'd sooner change conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud Knight, that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What Knight?

Arch.

that you Sir Charles Freeman, Brother to the Lady that
 evell'd almost—But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed night's
 and so I leave you to make your best on't. (*Going.*
 Freeman! One word Archer. Still I have hopes;
 thought she receiv'd my confession with pleasure.
 S'death! Who doubts it?
 She consented after to the match; and still I
 believe she will be just.
 To her self, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been
 Gipsy. By all my hopes, she comes, and smiling comes.

(*Exit*
 has an

Enter Dorinda, mighty gay.

er. Come, my dear Lord,—I fly with impatience
 our arms—The minutes of my absence was a te-
 year. Where's this tedious Priest?

Enter Foigard.

?
 d'me. Oons, a brave Girl.
 I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy
 affairs?
 What. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.
 bottom. Come, Priest, do your office.
 artner. Make haste, make haste, couple 'em any way.
 as Aimwel's hand.] Come. Madam, I'm to give you--
 My mind's alter'd, I won't.

r par. Eh—
 u pro. I'm confounded.
 eforth. Upon my Shoul, and sho is my shelf.
 ch. What's the matter now, Madam?
 Dr. Look'ye, Sir, one generous action deserves
 ough'd. This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide
 ch the thing from me; my justice engages me to conceal
 ur one thing from him: In short, Sir, you are the person
 treat you thought you counterfeited; you are the true
 ed Viscount Aimwell, and I wish your Lordship joy:
 Priest, you may be gone; if my Lord is pleas'd
 Arch. now

now with the match, let his Lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. Arch. What do's she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter Sir Ch. and Mrs. Sull.

Sir Charles. My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wish you joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your Honour and Estate: Your Brother died the day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest I did myself the honour.

Arch. Hark'ye Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch. 'Tis truth upon my Honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd the accident.

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time that brought forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the prize—

[Taking Dorinda's hand]

Arch. And double thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman. My Lord, I wish you joy. My Lady I wish you joy—Gad, Sir Freeman, you're the honestest Fellow living—S'death, I'm grown strange airy upon this matter—My Lord, how d'ye?—a word, my Lord, Don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think will amount to five thousand Pounds?

Aim. Not a penny, *Archer*: You wou'd ha' cut my throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat again, if you shou'd deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expected; and to end the dispute, the Lady's Fortune is ten thousand Pound; we divide stakes; take the ten thousand Pound, or the Lady's.

Dor. How! Is your Lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam, his Lordship knows very

well, that I'll take my ship, and so we

En

Count. Mesdames,

humble: I hear

Count. The Ladies

Count. And Begar

Count. Our Inn!

Count. By the La

Count. I did myself

Count. Rob'd him

Count. Ay, beg

Count. A hundred

Count. Yes, tha

Count. Our mone

Count. Rot the m

Count. quelque chose de

Enter a Fellow

Fell. Is there one

Arch. Ay, ay.

Fell. I have a Bo

Arch. (taking i

Count. demain! By

Count. but this un

Count. Hum, hu

Count. and must b

Mr. M A

MY Father being

that are take

secure him a Par

may be useful to the

your Master to-m

hands wish a S

STRATAGEM. 75

well, that I'll take the money; I leave you to his
ship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Count Bellair.

Count. Mesdames, & Messieurs, I am your Servant
humble: I hear you be rob, here.

you joy. The Ladies have been in some danger, Sir.

Count. And Begar, our Inn be rob too.

Brother. Our Inn! By whom?

Friend. By the Landlord, begar—Garzoon he has rob
did n't and run away.

Arch. Rob'd himself!

r now. Ay, begar, and me too of a hundre Pound.

Arch. A hundred Pound?

n'd th. Yes, that I ow'd him.

lim. Our money's gone, Frank

ought. Rot the money, my Wench is gone—*Scavez*
quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry?

me
han
les Fr
with yo
Fellow
is ma
Lord
agre
's For
Pound
ut m
Lady
if yo
the di
we
Lady
know
very

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.

Fell. Is there one Martin here?

Arch. Ay, ay.—who wants him?

Fell. I have a Box here and Letter for him.

Arch. (taking the box) Ha, ha, ha, what's here?

demain! By this light, my Lord, our money.

in; but this unfolds the riddle (Opening the Letter,

de) Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the publick

od, and must be communicated to the Company.

Mr. MARTIN,

MY Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues
that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can
secure him a Pardon he will make great discoveries that
may be useful to the Country. Cou'd I have met you instead
of your Master to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into
your hands with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong
Box

Box, which I have sent you, with an assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till death.

CHERRY BONNIFACE

there's a Billet-doux for you — As for the Father I think he ought to be encouraged, and for the Daughter, — Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her service instead of Gipsy.

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your deliverance was owing to her discovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good Company meets oportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate Sister; I intend to part her from her Husband — Gentlemen will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! s'Death who wou'd not?

Count. Assist? Garzoon, we all assist.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. What's all this? — They tell me Spouse that you had like to have been rob'd.

Mrs. Sull. Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it — Had not these two Gentlemen interpos'd.

Sull. How came these Gentlemen here? [knows]

Mrs. Sull. That's his way of returning thanks you must

Count. Garzoon, the question be a propo, for all date

Sir Ch. You promis'd last night, Sir, that you wou'd deliver your Lady to me this morning.

Sull. Humph.

Arch. Humph. What do you mean by humph — Sir, you shall deliver her — In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your Family, and if you are not civil we'll unbind the Rogues, join with 'um and set fire to your house — What do's the Man mean? Not part with his Wife?

Count. Ay, Garzoon de Man no understan common justice.

Sir. Sull. Hold,

by consent, c

and I talk th

green us.

Sull. Let me kno

Sir, who ar

Ch. I am Sir C

Wife.

Sull. And you,

Aim. Charles Vif

Sister.

Sull. And you pr

Arch. Francis A

Sull. To take a

you're hearti

obliging peop

if you pleas

Arch. And the la

Mrs. Sull. Spous

Sull. Ribb.

Mrs. Sull. Howl

Sull. By the Alm

ount fourteen y

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis th

Count. Garzoon

Mrs. Sull. Pray

Sull. To get an

Sir Ch. And hav

Sull. No.

Arch. The condi

did you marry

Mrs. Sull. To su

ngth of his, au

society.

Sir Ch. Are you

Mrs. Sull. No.

Count. A clear c

Sir Ch. What a

Mrs.

Mr. Sull. Hold, Gentlemen, all things here must
by consent, compulsion wou'd spoil us; let my
and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge
green us.

Sull. Let me know first who are to be our Judges—
er, —, Sir, who are you!

Ch. I am Sir *Charles Freeman*, come to take away
Wife.

Sull. And you, good Sir.

Ch. *Charles Viscount Ainswell*, come to take away
Sister.

Sull. And you pray, Sir?

Ch. *Francis Archer*, Esq; come—

Sull. To take away my Mother, I hope—Gentle-
entle, you're heartily welcome; I never met with three
obliging people since I was born—And now, my
if you please, you shall have the first word.

Ch. And the last for five Pound.

Mrs. Sull. Spouse?

Sull. Ribb.

Mrs. Sull. How long have we been marry'd?

Sull. By the Almanak fourteen months—But by my
account fourteen years.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis there about by my reckoning.

Count. Garzoon, their account will agree.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Spouse, what did you marry for?

Sull. To get an Heir to my Estate.

Ch. And have you succeeded?

Sull. No.

Ch. The condition fails of his side—Pray, Madam;
did you marry for?

Mrs. Sull. To support the weakness of my Sex by the
strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agree-
able society.

Ch. Are your expectations answer'd?

Mrs. Sull. No.

Count. A clear case, a clear case.

Ch. What are the bars to your mutual content-

Mrs.

Mrs. Sull. In the first place I can't drink Ale with him.

Sull. Nor can I drink Tea with her.

Mrs. Sull. I can't hunt with you.

Sull. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sull. I hate Cocking and Racing.

Sull. And I abhor Ombre and Piquet.

Mrs. Sull. Your silence is intollerable.

Sull. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. Sull. Have we not been a perpetual offence
each other — A gnawing Vulture at the heart?

Sull. A frightful Goblin to the sight.

Mrs. Sull. A Porcupine to the feeling.

Sull. Perpetual wormwood to the taste.

Mrs. Sull. Is there on Earth a thing we cou'd agree in.

Sull. Yes — To part.

Mrs. Sull. With all my heart.

Sull. Your hand.

Mrs. Sull. Here.

Sull. These hands join'd us, these shall part us — away.

Mrs. Sull. North.

Sull. South.

Mrs. Sull. East.

Sull. West — far as the Poles asunder.

Count. Begar the ceremony, be vera pretty.

Sir Ch. Now, Mr *Sullen*, there wants only my *Sis-*
ter's Fortune to make us easie.

Sull. Sir *Charles*, you love your Sister, and I love
her Fortune; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sull. Not a stiver.

Arch. Then I find, Madam, you must e'en go
your prison again.

Count. What is the portion.

Sir Ch. Ten thousand Pound, Sir.

Count. Garzoon, I'll pay it, and she shall go home
wid me.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, French all over — Do you know,
Sir, what ten thousand Pound English is?

Count. No, begar.

Arch. Why, Sir,

Count. A hundre

Arch. do't; your Be

Count. much for me.

Arch. I hen I will

Count. gely lucky to

Arch. had made bold

Count. tore, and had

Arch. e, all the Art

Count. Bonds, Leas

Arch. em from him,

Count. (Gives

Arch. all. How, my

Count. Well, Gentles

Arch. I can't talk. If

Count. merry, and cele

Arch. nce, you may

Count. consumedly —

Arch. Madam

Count. ce to the Trifle

Arch. I lead it up,

Count. 'Twou'd b

Arch. e better pleas'd

Count. 'The one r

Arch. ds, and the oth

Count. me'd misery.

Arch. with happy in the

Count. those parted by con

Arch. sistent, if mutu

Count. sistent is Law e

T

Count.

ant. No, begar, not justement.
 Why, Sir, 'tis a hundred thousand Livres.
 ant. A hundre thousand Livres—A Garzoon, me
 do't; your Beauties and their Fortunes are both
 much for me.

erb. I then I will—This nights Adventure has prov'd
 ously lucky to us all—For Captain *Gibbet* in his
 had made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your Study and
 tore, and had taken out all the Writings of your
 e, all the Articles of Marriage with this Lady,
 Bonds, Leases, Receipts to an infinite value; I
 em from him, and I deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

(Gives him a parcel of Papers and Parchments.

greed. How, my Writings? my head akes consumed—
 Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune,
 I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to
 merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding, and my
 nce, you may command my House—but my head
 consumedly——*Scrub*, bring me a Dram.

erb. Madam [To Mrs. Sull.] there's a Country
 ce to the Trifle that I sung to-day; your hand, and
 I lead it up, [Here a Dance.

erb. Twou'd be hard to guess which of these parties
 e better pleas'd, the Couple join'd, or the Couple
 ed. The one rejoycing in hopes of an untasted hap-
 es, and the other in their deliverance from an ex-
 I lov'd misery.

with happy in their severall states we find.
 those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.
 a go consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee,
 Consent is Law enough to set you free.

The end of the fifth Act.



A N

EPILOGUE

Design'd to be spoke in the *Beaux Stratagem*

If to our Play your judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring Author pity find.
Survey his mournful case with melting eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies,
Forbear you Fair on his last Scene to frown,
But his true exit with a plaudit crown:
Then shall the dying Poet cease to fear,
The dreadful knell, while your Applause he hears.
At Leuctra so, the conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
Claim'd his Friend's praises, but their tears deny
Pleas'd in the pangs of death he greatly thought
Conquest with loss of life but cheaply bought.
The difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight,
As brave, tho' not so gay as Serjeant Kite.
Ye Sons of Will's what's that to those who write
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his bays,
You may the Bard above the Hero raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian praise. }

FINIS



E.

agem

bears.

l,

s den

ght

figbt

write

}

}

}